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"BRITISH THREAT TO PEACE"?

ACCORDING to the Foreign Office, the entire responsibility for the unhappy casualties to British airmen on the Egyptian-Palestine frontier falls upon the Jews. The Foreign Office accuses Israel of repeated aggression. After taking a series of extraordinary security measures, it declares that, in view of the Egyptian-Jewish negotiations at Rhodes, Britain is showing great restraint but is reserving her right of future action. On the other hand, Israel has formally drawn the attention of the United Nations to the "menacing attitude adopted by the United Kingdom," urging in particular that "the arrival of British troops at Akabah amounts to a threat to Israel." Israel also complains of large-scale British naval movements in the Mediterranean, of our continued supply of arms and military equipment to the Arab States, and of our unexplained air reconnaissances over Jewish territory. (On this we may say at once that no airmen can know with any certainty whether they are 5 miles on either side of an invisible desert frontier and that the real question is what possible reason British planes had for being over this area of conflict.) "These war-like actions," in the Jewish view, "mark the climax of a sustained effort by the United Kingdom to render assistance to the Arab States in their dispute with Israel."

No one could guess from the attitude of the Foreign Office that public opinion in a large part of the world will find this Jewish case, not an impertinence, but a simple recital of damaging facts. It is not enough in such circumstances for Mr. Bevin to rely on the unpopularity of the Jews, exacerbated though it has been here by excesses against British soldiers. There are other things to think of. Why, for instance, make Britain look foolish by sending formal notes of protest to the Israeli Government, which Britain has refused to recognise? Does not the Foreign Office even yet realise the strength of feeling in the United States and the grave repercussions Mr. Bevin's private war with the Jews will have in Congress? Having for years based a policy on the pretence that the Arab States, being great and powerful, must always be placated, it is now desperately anxious to bolster them up when their flimsy and unreliable character has been spectacularly exposed. Will Mr. Bevin now try to persuade the House of Commons that his actions are justified on the ground that to let down the Pashas will be to pass over the Arab States to the Communists? Or will he fall back on the pretence that Palestine is dominated by Communists when, in point of fact, as Mr. Crossman again emphasises in his dispatch from Tel Aviv, it has a Social-Democratic Government very like that of Britain? What the House of Commons will want to know is just why Mr. Bevin runs such humiliating and unnecessary risks, and how he intends to extricate Britain from an untenable position.

The Foreign Office Fiasco

Some light is thrown on this fiasco by the behaviour of the Foreign Office. As soon as three thousand Israeli troops, supported by a few fighter planes, raided the Egyptian base at El Arish, the consternation in Whitehall revealed that it was the whole of our Middle East policy that was in danger, not the Canal Zone. The Jewish forces had won military supremacy in their own sphere: they were no threat to the substantial British force, which is adequate should there really be any threat to Suez. But Britain, said a Foreign Office spokesman this week, could not stand idly by "while its ally was driven back to its own frontiers"—and forced, perhaps, to make peace with Israel.

Since the "Jewish Authorities" had prevented the truce observers from the United Nations from going within thirty miles of the latest fighting, Mr. Bevin took it upon himself to "observe" on their behalf. He seems not to have informed the Acting Mediator or the Israeli Government of his intention. But he did tell the Egyptians (according to a Foreign Office statement last Tuesday), and the Egyptians raised no objection; indeed, according to an earlier Foreign Office version, it was at the Egyptian request that the flights were undertaken. In any case, the Foreign Office has twice announced that the first of the reconnaissance flights was accompanied by Egyptian planes —evidently to demonstrate disinterested neutrality. Within twenty-four hours correspondents could see a map, marking the Israeli positions, displayed on the wall of the Foreign Office News Department. Presumably, the reconnaissance reports were also available in Cairo.

A still more significant event is the sudden but long-prepared descent on Akabah. This story goes back to last October, when there had been a rapprochement between King Abdullah and the Jews. The King was prepared to play a lone hand, abandon the Arab League, give up the war against Israel and come to terms. He consulted the Foreign Office. He was told that the Foreign Office viewed with alarm the likely result of such a conciliatory move. Transjordan would be isolated from the Arab States and their unity would be disrupted.

Abdullah, however, continued his contacts with Israel until in December Jewish troops began to take over disputed areas in the Negev and on the Transjordan frontier a few miles west of Akabah. This was enough to persuade Brigadier Glubb Pasha that Transjordan, like the Suez, was in peril of invasion. Abdullah finally accepted the British view, broke off negotiations with Israel and sent for British help, which arrived—men, planes and ships—with suspicious speed.

If it is true that the Foreign Office was above all afraid of a unilateral peace between Israel and Transjordan, then it had at last scored a success. But at the very moment when Abdullah was having British help thrust upon him, Egypt, persuaded perhaps by the success of Israel's campaign, repudiated its past declarations and announced its readiness to negotiate with the Jews under U.N. auspices. Unhappily the aircraft incident on the frontier has enabled the Foreign Office to urge upon Cairo that Egypt should not make any settlement at the Rhodes Conference which does not require the Israeli troops to withdraw to their original positions in the Negev.

Mr. Bevin still seems determined to wrest the Negev from the Jews even if it means one more military intervention in Palestine—with grave danger to world peace. If the Rhodes Peace talks fail, and if Egypt can be induced to accept our freely-offered help, then the danger of a military

conflict between Britain and Israel will be real. British troops are reported in readiness to repeat the Akabah action at Gaza, and we are prepared to go to the aid of the Iraqi troops who have been valiantly defending their homeland by shelling for the last two weeks a Jewish settlement 250 miles from the Iraqi frontier. This wild folly must stop.

The Revival of Germany

Before long, by the grace of dollars and General Clay, West Germany will begin to make rapid economic recovery without any real change in the ownership of industry and without much regard to the interests of nations which have suffered from German capitalism in the past. Reports make it clear that, with this hope of recovered strength, nationalism is already displaying contempt for all the former Allies. Both workers and their employers are "going slow" in dismantling war plants, pleading, significantly enough, that they will be treated as traitors by future German courts if they dispossess Germany of her war industry. The League for German Revival and the National Democratic Party are now openly standing as champions of a physically strong united Germany and putting forward revisionist demands on all frontiers, including Alsace-Lorraine. This disturbs even General Clay. The authorities have rightly refused Otto Strasser permission to return home to head a "Rally of the German People" on the de Gaulle model: neo-fascism is now an immediate danger. But the very request from a man who helped National Socialism is a sign that German reactionaries feel that times have changed. No doubt these developments in Germany were in the minds of M. Cachin, the French Communist leader, and M. Herriot, when they made their surprisingly conciliatory exchange in the Chamber this week.

East v. West

It is to be hoped that the Western members of the Security Council have read the leading article for January 1st in the Pakistan newspaper *Dawn*. The most pugnacious paper in the East and the extreme organ of Muslim intransigence, *Dawn* will not be accused of Communist or even Left tendencies; yet, on the Indonesian dispute it quotes Dr. Malik with approval, vehemently denounces Dutch colonial imperialism, welcomes the Indian Premier's intervention, and urges that, on this matter, if on no other, India and Pakistan can march together. The Chinese delegate on the Security Council was on strong ground in suggesting that, if the Security Council did not exercise a more positive role, the Indonesian problem may turn into a conflict between East and West. In short, Britain and America must see to it that Republican aspirations are genuinely satisfied and that Uno is not used, as the League was, to denounce agression until there is no alternative but to recognise a *fait accompli*.

Mr. Marshall's Successor

Advancing age and ill-health have at last given Mr. Marshall unanswerable arguments for retirement. As an unusually powerful Secretary of State, for the past two years his influence on American foreign policy has been even more dominant than the great authority he wielded in war. President Truman, clearly, was content to lean heavily upon the advice of a man whom he trusted and respected, although this often meant —especially in the Vinson affair—that the Secretary of State, rather than the President, decided policy on fundamental issues. There was no political reason for Mr. Marshall's departure: without much doubt this relationship would have continued if the Secretary had been able and willing to hold office in the new term. Now he has resigned, Mr. Truman has called upon Mr. Acheson, whose years as Assistant Secretary qualify him for the post in the technical sense. Mr. Acheson, however, is a logical successor. He, more than anyone else, was the original author of the Marshall Plan. Not long after he resigned as Assistant Secretary in 1947, to restore his finances by private law practice, he put forward proposals for American aid to European recovery, not relief, which were to be developed in a later speech. This address was never delivered, since he turned over his ideas to Mr. Marshall for use in the now famous Harvard speech, upon which Mr. Bevin rapidly seized as a chance to turn American aspirations into a practical programme of assistance. In this respect, therefore, Mr. Acheson's appointment is a reaffirmation of Mr. Truman's intention to go right through with the European Recovery Programme. But Mr. Dean Acheson will be a different kind of Secretary of State. A moderate liberal, his New Deal credentials refer back to his association with Justices Brandeis and Frankfurter, to the early days of the Roosevelt regime, and to civil rather than military experience. Both his personality and his training will make him more amenable than his predecessor to direction by the President—which may be what Mr. Truman, who is now much more self-confident, desires from his principal adviser. There will certainly be some protests in the Senate before the appointment is confirmed, for Mr. Acheson has not only been accused of harbouring "soft" sentiments about Russia in the past, but some of his former subordinates in the State Department have been under heavy fire from the Un-American Activities Committee. Mr. Acheson, however, has allowed himself to go with the tide; he is unlikely either to press for or obstruct any new approach Mr. Truman may decide to make in Soviet-American relations.

Forty Thousand Million Dollars

When President Truman laid his legislative programme before Congress last week, he naturally emphasised the social reforms which would appeal to those who elected him. But, in his subsequent economic report and especially in his proposed Budget, he drew a rather different picture. The Budget total has reached the unprecedented level of slightly more than forty thousand million dollars. Of this, just half is allocated to defence and international aid, although no provision has yet been made for military supplies to Western Europe—a matter on which the President promises a considerable supplementary allocation. A further 26 per cent. of the Budget is allocated equally between veterans and debt charges. Thus, of the huge sum which Congress will be voting for the Federal Government, three-quarters will go towards the cost of the recent war and preparation against another conflict. The burden of taxation at present carried by the American people will not be sufficient to meet these needs, and the President has asked for additional taxation to raise four thousand million dollars to meet both the anticipated gap and the shortfall of revenue produced by the cuts introduced last year by vote-seeking Republicans. This extraordinary armament production is causing some dislocation in the American economy—it is one of the reasons why Mr. Truman has demanded the reintroduction of controls—but it maintains, together with foreign aid, the boom in the basic industries. Without it, American capitalism would be slumping deeper than the abyss from which President Roosevelt and the late war rescued it. If Washington were ready to spend many times the amount that the New Deal poured into social welfare and domestic investment, a disarmament programme would, of course, be economically possible. Capitalism is ready to save itself by arms, rather than social reform—Mr. Truman's radical domestic programme sounded impressive as part of a speech last week, but when we get down to it we find that eight hundred million dollars is all that can be found for health, education, houses and social security, and public development. And 800 million dollars is a very small sum at a time when Federal spending is nearly one-sixth of the gross national product. It would certainly be pitifully inadequate to cushion the shock which would be produced by a cut of even one-third in defence and foreign aid appropriations. The American economy, this Budget shows, is now basically dependent upon the taxpayers' money, the bulk of which is being spent on war needs. "Free enterprise" has delivered prosperity—by grace of Government intervention.

Wages and the Worker

There was little comfort for the railwaymen, or for other groups now seeking wage increases, in the lecture which Sir Stafford Cripps delivered at Workington. He was obviously uneasy at the growing pressure by wage-earners for higher wages to meet the still rising cost of domestic purchases. Referring back to the Cabinet's request last March for a halt in both wage and price increases, he again pointed out that the country cannot afford either the increased inflationary pressure or the jump in export prices which would result from all-round wage concessions at this moment. This is undoubtedly true, but it fails to meet two pressing problems. First, having long ago accepted the principle that there had to be a change in the traditional hierarchy of wages if incentives were to be provided in undermanned or unpleasant industries, the Government now finds it difficult to maintain proper control over this change. It is a difficult task to level up wages while preventing the higher-paid workers from insisting on their *quid pro quo*. Secondly, wage-earners as a whole have not been convinced that business is making a commensurate sacrifice, nor will they be when Sir Stafford insists that in a mixed economy maximum production can only be achieved if the private sector is given due encouragement. From the beginning, it was clear that wage freezing would be generally accepted only if a much tighter grip was kept upon profits and upon the cost of living. Sir Stafford rightly argues that only increased productivity could justify a higher wage-rate. Until that is secured the wage-earner cannot expect substantial concessions in his pay packet, in tax relief or in lower prices. It is Sir Stafford's task to persuade the workers that, if the burden is to rest primarily on their shoulders, the eventual rewards shall be theirs, too. At the moment, many of them are more interested in the pound in the pay-packet than pie in the sky.

Censorship in South Africa

Dr. Malan has worked hard, since his triumph at the elections, to convince the outside world that his Government is without totalitarian tendencies in the European sense. But political and racial intolerance will out, however hard and sustained the attempt to conceal it. It was clear that the slowing down of European immigration was directed primarily against the British, who might be suspected of being democracy-carriers. It is believed, though it cannot be proved, that there will not be a similar reluctance to import, say, Germans. Now *Picture Post* has found itself subject to what is nothing less than a political censorship. Mr. Hulton is one of the few foreign writers to have been favoured with an interview by Dr. Malan. Neither the account of the interview nor the photographs that accompanied it were particularly favourable towards Dr. Malan or violently hostile to him. In the main, it was a straight explanation of the South African Government's policy, qualified by some criticisms of the slowing down of immigration and the contention that the Nationalists' native policy was impracticable. The crime of criticism of the Government has been committed. Immediately after extracts from the article had been cabled to South Africa, the next issue of *Picture Post* was held up by the Customs with the explanation that a routine check had been instituted. After a week's delay, someone in the Government seems to have realised that to squeamish Europe the procedure might recall unpleasant memories. The ban was lifted, but the damage has been done.

THE NATIONAL MINIMUM

ALTHOUGH this year's Budget still lies some way below the Parliamentary horizon, preliminary bombardment of the Chancellor's position by the Tories has already begun. As was to be expected, fire has been concentrated mainly on the food subsidies, whose cost in the current financial year seems likely to reach the formidable figure of £500,000,000. The barrage was opened by a letter in the columns of *The Times* from Professor A. A. Duncan, who took Mr. Douglas Jay to task for stating in the House of Commons, shortly before the Christmas Recess, that food subsidies had been an essential factor in maintaining stability of wages and industrial costs, and that the rise of at least thirteen points in the retail price index which would follow their abolition would lead to "overwhelming inflationary pressure." Professor Duncan's rejoinder was to accuse Mr. Jay of being guilty of four separate fallacies.

First, he contended, food subsidies do not diminish but, by intensifying the demand, may actually increase the total price paid by the community for its food. Lower overt prices for individual consumers are balanced by higher concealed prices paid by individual taxpayers. Secondly, inflation is not prevented by food subsidies, which merely mask the rise in prices by transferring spending power from one set of objects whose prices enter into the cost of living index to another set whose prices do not. All that would happen, if the subsidies were abolished, would be that inflation, unaltered in degree, would display probably different phenomena. Thirdly, it by no means follows that removal of the subsidies would result in a price rise equal to the full amount of the subsidy, since there would probably be a restriction of demand. Finally, even if there were a thirteen point rise in retail prices, the citizen, in his capacity as taxpayer, would gain on balance.

The rebuttal of these arguments against the food subsidies presents no great difficulty; nor need the Chancellor be greatly concerned at the other lines of attack which critics of the subsidies have developed—that the "true relation between necessities and luxuries" is being obscured by them, and that they are concealing from the public the "harsh realities" of Britain's post-war economic position. It is perfectly true that the total price paid by the community for its food is not diminished by subsidies; and it may be conceded that, in the absence of food subsidies, the price structure would present a distinctly different appearance. But even if a Labour Government were prepared to rely on restriction of demand—in plain words, the under-nourishment of the poor—preventing prices rising to the full amount of the withdrawn subsidies, it is obvious that what Sir Stafford Cripps is being urged to do is to sanction a sweeping redistribution of income in favour of the rich. In so far as the Chancellor used his savings on food subsidy account to lighten the burden of Income Tax and Surtax, the taxpayer in the higher income brackets would certainly have no objection to forgoing the benefit of the present fourteen shillings a week reduction through subsidy in the average family's food bill. For most weekly wage-earners, on the contrary, the gain from the P.A.Y.E. roundabouts would be overwhelmingly outbalanced by the loss on the subsidy swings. The somewhat precarious dykes defending the Crippsian policy of wage and price stabilisation would be swept away in a torrent of wage-demands.

So much for the plainly impolitic suggestion, which underlies the whole of the Opposition's case against food subsidies, that the retail prices of essentials should be allowed to rise in order to increase, in a highly discriminatory way, the net income of those liable to Income Tax and Surtax. There remains a consideration to which the Government, in its public relation activities, has perhaps paid insufficient attention. Let it be granted that food subsidies, together with such complementary devices as children's allowances, are an efficient means of securing fair shares in essential consumption, and thus preserving the national minimum standard of life to which the Government pledged itself in 1945, it is still true that a necessary concomitant of the subsidies is a very high level of indirect taxation; for, unless and until economies can be secured in the onerous cost of defence and foreign commitments, it is not practical politics to finance the food subsidies wholly out of direct taxation. In fact, the £500 m. absorbed in the food subsidies must be set against the £600 m. contributed by the smoker, the £300 m. by the beer drinker, and the figure of, say, £150 m. extracted from the buyer of *non-luxury* articles subject to purchase tax. It is, of course, arguable that few of the articles to which purchase tax is now applicable are absolutely essential: at a pinch they can nearly all be done without, or their acquisition or replacement deferred. Equally, beer and tobacco are both "marginal" consumption goods: neither can be classed in the same category as food. Nevertheless, through habit and social convention, drinks, smokes and the maintenance of some sort of "appearance" in clothing and house furnishing do tend to figure in the eyes of the public as an integral part of the cost of living. To some extent, therefore, indirect taxation at its present level is open to the criticism not merely that it is regressive, but that it may defeat its own ends by exercising an inflationary influence, in that it makes "marginal" consumption so costly that wage-earners demand compensation in the form of higher wages.

The effect of the subsidies is invisible to the general public. Mr. Jay may cogently point out in the Commons that, but for the subsidies, the price of eggs would go up by 44 per cent, butter by 94 per cent, sugar by 40 per cent, flour by 77 per cent and lard by over 120 per cent. The housewife, queueing for her weekly purchases, is not a reader of *Hansard*; she accepts the present level of subsidised prices as in the natural order of things, and is oblivious of the financial mechanism whereby they are stabilised. But she and, more particularly, her husband are quick to contrast current wages with the current cost of a packet of fags or a pint. It is time, we suggest, that more was done to advertise the fact that the nation cannot have it both ways. If it is determined, as we think it is, that the cost of essential foodstuffs shall be kept at a level at which there can be no question of rationing by the purse or of children's nutrition being impaired by shortage of parents' cash, then it must learn to be reconciled to regarding the high price of cigarettes and alchohol as an essential contribution which it is asked to make to the policy of fair shares of essentials. The C.O.I. might well take a hand in the necessary process of economic schooling.

HOW IT LOOKS IN PALESTINE

"IS Bevin insane or is he deliberately staging an incident to justify a declaration of war?" This was the first question fired at me over the President's tea-table last Saturday when the news came that British planes had been shot down inside Israeli territory. We had just returned from a tour of Jerusalem. We had heard the news of a cease-fire on all fronts as we stood looking over the panorama of the Holy City from the roof of a shattered collective settlement, now a strongpoint dominating the Bethlehem road. It had been taken and retaken four times during the fighting, and is now a shambles. But the twenty-four-year-old commander in British battledress grinned cheerfully. "Perhaps this is really the finish. Now, at last, we can get down to the real job," he said, looking round at the desolation, "and build all this over again."

Three hours later news of the British planes damped once again the pent-up hopes of peace. Ever since I got here I have been pooh-poohing the alarmist rumours about British warplanes, and arguing that all London wants is to achieve a settlement fair to both Jews and Arabs. But this time I was hard put to it to find a reply. After the experience of the Mosquito shot down before Christmas over Tel Aviv, who gave the insane order to reconnoitre Israeli positions, which was bound at the very least to involve the risk of our planes crossing the frontier? Was it, as I still think, the stupidity of some Air Marshal in the Middle East or was it, as many responsible people here believe, part of a British plot to provoke an incident?

Now, even more than three years ago when I was here with the Anglo-American Committee, I am appalled by the gulf which divides even the best informed opinion here and in Whitehall. Passion and resentment overwhelm cool reason and produce fantastic misunderstandings. After only one week here I have no idea what London is thinking. All I know is that by believing the worst of each other we produce the worst out of each other. Starting from the fatal illusion that the Arab armies could easily overwhelm the Jews, our Palestine policy has been based on the foundation of a myth, buttressed by prejudice which now threatens to destroy our whole Middle East position. That position cannot be saved by grandiose military gestures which we are quite unable to follow up, but only by sober reassessment of the realities here, and a policy based on that reassessment.

What are those realities? First is the military and political collapse of the Arab League. The Arab Legion, numbering not more than 12,000, is intact, because Abdullah is wise enough not to commit it in any major action. All other Arab armies have melted into thin air. The Egyptian Army has virtually ceased to exist during the recent fighting. Today Israeli troops could march on Beirut, Baghdad and Suez, if Ben Gurion gave the order. If he wished he could occupy the Arab triangle in Central Palestine. The Mountains are now held by the Iraquis. In so far as British power depended on Arab military strength (which in terms of modern war was always mythical) we have inflicted gratuitously on ourselves a sensational defeat by compelling the Jews to fight for their lives—and to win.

The second reality is that the collapse of the Arab war of conquest in Palestine produces a social convulsion in every Arab state. On one hand, reactionary groups now in control are more inclined to appeal to Britain for protection. (Witness the appointment of a pro-British Iraqi Premier.) On the other hand, anti-British feeling reaches a new fever of intensity. British protection was never needed more nor hated more by the Arab peoples. Arab leaders complain that Britain first encouraged them into this campaign, in which they were spectacularly defeated, then backed down halfway. Arab bitterness against Britain, as I found after talking the whole morning with notables in occupied Nazareth, is even stronger than the Jewish bitterness. This explains the behaviour of Egypt during the last few days. Forced by blundering British policy into an open choice between accepting British help under the deserted 1926 Treaty or entering into armistice negotiations with the Jews, the Egyptians preferred the Jews. Thus, Bevin's power politics have only resulted in a shattering blow to Britain's waning prestige.

The third reality is simply the existence of Israel. The removal of the huge Palestine administration has produced not the expected chaos, but more law, order and civil liberty than the population has enjoyed since the Arab revolt in 1936. Most remarkable here, despite the appalling strain of a war in which the front line is nowhere more than thirty miles away, is the absence of tension

in everyday life. The people are happy, good-humoured and relaxed. Even in Arab and Druse villages in Western Galilee, occupied only a few weeks ago by Jews, schools are all open, the olives are being picked, crops are sown in perfect peace without the presence of Jewish soldiers. I talked in Haifa with a municipal engineer and No. 2 Port Authority, two of the very few non-Jewish Englishmen who did not leave with the Army. Both had the same story to tell. Miraculous but true. "The only change since May 15th is that everything runs smoothly and we can now get on with our jobs without interference." The Port Engineer added: "With the Mandatory and Palestine police have disappeared the corruption and pilfering which were ruining Haifa's port."

It is impossible to appreciate this fact without seeing it and comparing conditions with three years ago. With the removal of the Police State, into which the Mandate had degenerated, the nation has emerged equipped with civil and military administration; sea, road, and rail transport, and full-scale social services—the whole equipment of a Western European Socialist State. May 15th faced Israeli with three tasks, each of which separately seemed, even to them, too big to tackle. First, to win the war as a nation of 800,000 against six nations with forty million. Second, while winning the war, to create a State out of chaos deliberately created by the evacuating authority. Third, while winning the war and building the State, to bring in and settle 130,000 new immigrants in one year, thus increasing the population by 15 per cent. Israel has done all three. When you ask how it was done you are simply told "We had our secret weapon—no alternative."

This, indeed, is the whole truth. Three years ago all the Jewish political leaders that I talked to wanted either the continuation of the Mandate or partition under which Britain would retain military bases at Haifa, Lydda and Negev, and remain the protector of the Jewish State. No one conceived it possible or desirable to build Israel unaided by British friendship. Only because Bevin compelled them, have these people made Churchill's 1940 speeches literal truth. They have fought on the beaches and in the streets. Only because Britain encouraged the Arabs to fight in every village and town, have the Jews been able to "solve" the Arab problem. In the first phase of the war, the unfortunate Arab masses, on the orders of their own leaders, and assisted by the British Army, fled to neighbouring countries, hoping to return behind the victorious armies after two weeks. Instead, their places in town and country are now being taken by tens of thousands of new Jewish settlers. Only in the areas recently conquered by the Jews have Arabs disobeyed the evacuation order, staying behind when the armies fled. Thus, British policy has inadvertently fulfilled Weizmann's claim at the Versailles Conference of 1919, that Palestine should become as Jewish as England is English. Seventy thousand Arabs who remained in Israel have been granted full Jewish wage rates and have put forward four Party lists for the Elections on January 25th. Earning higher wages, living freely, this Arab minority is now the envy of all the neighbouring countries and the illegal immigration of Arabs into Israel has now begun.

The most dangerous misunderstanding is to write off the Israeli victories as the result of superior equipment from the Eastern bloc. Actually, the Jews started with nothing except a few rifles, Bren guns and home-made mortars. No Air Force, no artillery. I have talked with settlers by Galilee who fought British-made tanks with their bare hands and a bottle of kerosene. Only quite recently has Haganah become a real Army. Even now purchasing officers inform me that they have more British equipment than Czech. What brought victory was the spirit. Isolated settlers in Galilee, like bearded rabbis in Jerusalem, had to choose between winning or having their throats cut. It was as simple as that.

This brings me to my fourth reality. After travelling in this country I find it sheerest nonsense to talk about Jewish aggression or imperialism. These people have been fighting, outnumbered and out-equipped, against six invading armies, for the bare right to exist. Their losses of life, both civil and military, have been appalling, and each month of war increases inflation, forces up the cost of living and brings the new State nearer bankruptcy. It will take years to restore the damage done to their orange and banana groves, their herds, factories and houses. They still feel it is a miracle that they won, and can conceive no desire but peace. But Egyptian, Iraqi, and Syrian Armies still stand on the soil allocated to Israel by Uno. In this tiny country, one feels the presence of the invader everywhere hemming in. Naturally, people assume that the end of the war must mean the withdrawal of the invader.

Militarily, the Jews have already licked the Arabs. Nothing but British armed intervention can remove the Jews from the Negev. From this war, forced on them by deliberate British policy, Israel has emerged as the one constructive force in the Middle East, a twentieth-century Socialist State in the midst of the Middle Ages. This new nation feels no attachment or particular loyalty to any Great Power. Speaking to many political leaders, I have found unanimity in that Israel must avoid entanglements with East or West. Indeed, Israeli neutrality is the fifth reality we have to face. We could have had Palestine as a loyal Dominion. Now we must accept the existence of Israel as a Middle East Switzerland, which may well in the not too distant future attract those Arabs who do not wish their countries to remain strategic pawns on the Great Power chessboard.

This is real, positive good, which has emerged out of the ghastly evils of the last three years. A Jewish state attached too closely to the West would always have been a trouble centre in the Middle East, suspected by the Arabs as an agent of Western Imperialism. Neutral Israel with frontiers guaranteed by Russia and Anglo-Americans, could become the focus for peaceful development. We have failed—thank God—to destroy Israel, although we tried hard enough. What is the use of cocking futile military snooks? Instead we should take our share, as every Jew with whom I have talked wants us to do, in the vast work of reconstruction which lies ahead. At a price Israel can do without our friendship. But our present policy towards Israel can only end in the British withdrawal from the Middle East.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Tel Aviv. *By Cable.*

MAO TSE-TUNG

THE future historian will assign to Mao Tse-tung a place in Chinese history parallel to that of Lenin in the Soviet Union. The Communist victories bring to a successful end the struggle with Chiang Kai-shek which has lasted since 1927 with a brief interval during the United Front period from 1937 to 1942. The history of that struggle forms the pattern of modern Chinese history. The outside world is just beginning to understand that the war with Japan was only a thread woven through it.

Mao Tse-tung has never known any other life than that of patient, confident struggle. His life began in 1893 on a farm in Hunan province. At the age of six he worked for his father who began life as a poor peasant and gradually became a rich peasant, buying grain from his neighbours and selling it at a higher price to the city merchants. During his five years at school—from 8 to 13—Mao always preferred stories of rebellion to the classics and when the local peasants organised revolts they inspired him to study the history of progressive thought, Western as well as Chinese. In 1911 he joined Li Yuan-hung's revolutionary party and served in it for six months until Sun Yat Sen and Yuan Shih-kai made an agreement following the overthrow of the Manchus. Those six months proved to be Mao's introduction to the ideas of Socialism. He wanted no more formal education. In the provincial library in Hunan he studied world geography and history. "There for the first time I saw and studied with great interest a map of the world," he told Edgar Snow, who first introduced him to a wide public in *Red Star over China*. He read *The Wealth of Nations*, *The Origin of Species*, Rousseau and Herbert Spencer. He "mixed poetry and romances, and the tales of Ancient Greece with serious study of the history and geography of Russia, America, England, France and other countries." He summed up his ideas at that time (about 1912) as "a curious mixture of ideas of liberalism, democratic reformism, and Utopian Socialism," but he was "definitely anti-militarist and anti-imperialist."

When the Russian Revolution happened in 1917, he was already a political leader. By the original method of inserting an advertisement in a Changsha paper asking young men interested in patriotic work to make contact with him, he formed a group called the "Hsin Min Hsueh Hui" (New People's Study Society). These young men were greatly impressed and stimulated by the events in Russia, and most of them subsequently joined the Chinese Communist Party when it was founded in 1921. Mao was present at the inaugural meeting. "The point is that the masses are beginning to rise up to the fight," he explained at that time. "These masses need a real revolutionary organisation. The Party must go to the masses now and organise them." For the next quarter of a century this was Mao's work. He knew the lives of the peasants from his own personal experience. He knew that any successful revolutionary movement must be based on their support. Events have proved the correctness of his Communist theory.

Mao was gifted as an intellectual as well as a practical worker. His first publication, *An Analysis of the Different Classes of Chinese Society*, applied Marxist principles to Chinese conditions. It put forward a radical land policy and the organisation of the peasants under Communist leadership. In the twenties, when Borodin was in China, at the invitation of the Kuomintang, Mao maintained this thesis against Borodin whose line was then one of making concessions to the bourgeoisie; in fact the Chinese Communist Party was almost split on this issue. Mao's line was subsequently accepted by the Comintern at the Sixth Congress in Moscow in 1928, although in the meantime he had been dismissed from the *politbureau* of the Chinese Party.

By this time the Kuomintang had made open war on the Chinese Communists. Mao, who was editor, administrator, theoretician and Peasant Union organiser, now became a Political Comissar in the 4th Red Army. Chu Teh, the military genius of the Chinese Communist Party, was its Commander. When their forces were driven into Kiangsi Province they formed the first Chinese Soviets, and Mao became the first Chairman of the Kiangsi Provincial Soviet Government. Its achievements included the confiscation of the landowners' estates; the abolition of taxes extracted by the militarists and the introduction of a single progressive tax; the eight-hour working day, free education and State assistance to the peasants in the form of grain, cattle and implements. This was similar to the policy subsequently carried out in the Border Regions.

Chiang Kai-shek recognised the challenge embodied in the Kiangsi Soviet Government. Although threatened by Japan he decided that the Communists were his greatest enemy. When the Japanese struck in 1931, the Communists formally declared war and called for a United Front in face of the common enemy. This was ignored by Chiang Kai-shek, and as soon as the Tangku Truce was signed in 1933, he set on foot the biggest of his so-called "extermination campaigns" against the Chinese Soviet areas. This was the fifth; it mobilised nearly a million men. The Red Army was forced to withdraw. It could have made an alliance with the famous 19th Route Army, then also fighting Nanking, but its

offer of a joint anti-Japanese front was turned down as the result of Comintern opposition. And so the most famous march in Chinese history began.

None in the Red Army feared the distresses of the Long March.
We looked lightly on the thousand peaks and the ten thousand rivers.
The five mountains rose and fell like rippling waves.
The Wuliang mountains were no more than small green pebbles.

So wrote Mao Tse-tung in one of his published poems (translated by Robert Payne). By the time the Communists had marched the 6,000 miles to Yenan, the Communist International had passed its United Front Resolution. In China, the Central Committee of the Communist Party and of the Central Soviet Government addressed an appeal to the Chinese people proposing joint political and military organisation against Japanese imperialism. During the winter of 1936-7, the Japanese strengthened their positions in Suiyan. But Chiang Kai-shek still regarded the Communists as his chief enemy and concentrated his armies in Shensi and Kansu for yet another extermination campaign. Whilst he was in the North planning this campaign, part of his army mutined and he himself was taken prisoner at Sian. Chou En-lai, the third in the Communist triumvirate intervened and saved his life, with the result that instead of again fighting the Communists, Chiang made with them a precarious National Front which bravely resisted when Japan struck six months later. In July, 1938, when the National People's Political Council was formed, the civil war seemed at an end. Mao Tse-tung described the main slogan of his Party as "the two-fold goal of driving Japanese imperialism out of China and of establishing a new democratic republic based on Sun Yat Sen's Three Principles."

The beginning of the Second World War was hailed by Mao Tse-tung as an imperialist war and the capitalists as "mad dogs threatened by their own system." Stalin's Pact with Hitler he described to Edgar Snow, who revisited Yenan at that time, "as Stalin's way of playing for time, a strategic military necessity," a method of safeguarding the U.S.S.R. against Chamberlain's efforts to make an anti-Soviet alliance with Hitler. He also forecast that any Munich in the Far East would be followed by a pact between Stalin and the Japanese "on condition that it would not interfere with Soviet support for China." The British Government closed the Burma Road in 1940. Mr. Matsuoka signed a Pact of Friendship and non-aggression with Stalin in April, 1941.

But the Chinese Communists still maintained that their most important problem was to resist Japanese imperialism. "Anti-feudal tasks may for a while be subordinated to the major anti-Japanese issue." Mao said to Edgar Snow in the same interview. "The problem is now to change that political system (without endangering resistance) for unless it is changed, and unless democracy is realised, there can be no victory . . . we are always social revolutionaries, and we are never reformists." And simultaneously with the fight against Japan, the Communists carried out a social revolution in the Border Regions. Once more Chiang regarded them as enemies. Kuomintang armies and equipment, ostensibly planned to fight Japan, were used to cut off the Communist areas from the rest of China. This blockade lasted from the spring of 1942 until August, 1944, when the Government in Chungking, acting under pressure, allowed a party of 21 journalists to go to Yenan. The consensus of opinion among these observers, most of whom were far from being Communists, was that the Border Regions had a progressive government, a bureaucracy which ruled with an integrity in striking contrast to that in Kuomintang China, and that a new peasant democracy was in existence. This progress was achieved without any outside help, the Kuomintang even refusing to allow Madame Sun Yat Sen's "China Defence League" to send bandages and badly needed drugs through the blockade. As the truth became known about the Border Regions—now known as the Liberated Areas—the first cracks appeared in Chiang Kai-shek's reputation as the hero of the Chinese people. If the truth were known, the first cracks were also made in his self-confidence.

Chiang Kai-shek gambled successfully in his calculations that the Allies would defeat Japan. He reserved his strength to fight the Communists and again gambled on American assistance. To the Chinese people today—and they are notoriously xenophobic—he is linked with America, which Communist political warfare has succeeded in identifying with the most reactionary form of imperialism. But Mao Tse-tung leads a party which has fought unaided during the blockade, and the Communists can claim that their victories have been won without foreign arsenals or foreign loans. This is an appeal, not only to the peasants whose one concern is to keep his land free from taxes, but to the professional classes which still play an important part in China. Mao Tse-tung himself recognises the share that technicians must have in building up a new China; it was to them that he addressed one of his earliest appeals when the Communist offensive first gathered momentum. The argument is made that Communist experience has only been tested in the poor areas of the Border Regions. But given an end to the civil war and a few years of peace, Mao Tse-tung and his Party will bring a new spirit of creative energy into Chinese life. The revolution which began in 1911 enters on its second phase in 1949.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

A LONDON DIARY

WAGES and salaries were once, like prices and profits, dependent on the higgling of the market, and their rise and fall was said to be due to the invisible hand of Providence. Now Governments everywhere (not only in this country) rashly play the part of God. If they are totalitarian the common man may grumble, but their decisions, like God's or editors', are final. In a half-and-half economy like the British, almost everyone complains. If you are a dentist you complain because, when given too much, you do not like some of it being taken away; if you are a common mortal—a mere journalist, civil servant, docker or bus driver—because you have not got enough. Such are my first reflections on a letter sent to me by a schoolmaster, who says that he is alarmed by "his inability to save, apart from what he has always put by in insurances." If he goes away for a holiday in 1949 he will have to spend money that he saved in 1946. In the teaching profession, he points out, the ordinary form master with three years' training starts at £345 (plus £36 in the London area) and finishes at £600 (plus £48 in the London area). Now comes the Government and upsets the whole thing with a National Health Service salary of £600 as the minimum for the school dentist! Worse still, the Oaksey Committee proposes to pay policemen a minimum of £7 a week! "No doubt policemen in towns harbouring a criminal element deserve this, but it will mean that his minimum will be higher than that of a schoolmaster, who may have to teach the criminal's children." So the schoolmaster has to begin with less than the policeman, and his maximum is to be lower than that of the school dentist's minimum. What is the moral? That the Treasury never thinks about the secondary effects of its policies? That school teaching is more important than dentistry and should be more highly paid? That the process of equalisation must not involve squeezing out the professional man? That there should be a national wage policy worked out on certain understood principles, against which the individual strikes on pain of having his ration book confiscated? Or merely that by accepting a partly regulated and partly haphazard society such as this, we show our faith in the principle that no one should be allowed to fall below a national minimum, while, beyond that, a certain amount of injustice, a certain amount of jostling for position is better than the totalitarian alternative? Bernard Shaw's answer is, roughly, that he prefers the totalitarian logic which will decree that everyone is paid the same (except successful dramatists and a few others). His friend Sidney Webb, on the other hand, arch-nationaliser but more practical, used to answer when asked how wages above the national minimum would be settled in a Socialist State: "By bargaining, of course—which is the only way in which any free man ever enters into any contract of service!"

* * *

Delivered with even more than his usual gusto and venom, A. J. P. Taylor's Third Programme Talk on the recently published correspondence between Stalin and the Yugoslav Communist Party was both entertaining and encouraging. Read Soviet propaganda and the more nearly correct you think Communist analysis is, the more despairing you feel about the future of the world if the best propagandist instrument is in the hands of such stiff and powerful fanatics. No answer that capitalism gives will save them or any of us from destruction. But if Communists quarrel there is hope for Socialism. Mr. Taylor brought out the rich, theological flavour of the controversy; wonderful to have Tito telling Stalin that, great though his authority is, Truth has even greater authority! I was flattered that Mr. Taylor so neatly developed an idea about Tito that I referred to in this journal in 1945. I compared him with Henry VIII, pointing out that, like Henry, he would be remembered for his great achievement in uniting a country of very different national strands, and that the fact that he based its future on a firm foundation would make the historian refer to any excesses or acts of violence only as an after-thought just as Protestant historians are apt to do when referring to the marriages of Henry VIII or to his somewhat cavalier treatment of monks and nuns. Mr. Taylor now adds the new point that Tito is also like Henry in being the Protestant Head of a State who breaks away from the Pope. Hope to-day lies in the spread of Communist Protestantism—in the refusal of Communists to bow to Moscow's claim to absolutism. The leaders of the "satellites," devout Communists to a man, would all like to be independent of Moscow, as Tito has become. Tito, as Mr. Taylor says, is able to stand firm because the N.K.V.D. cannot reach him, just as Luther was able to defy the Pope because the German Princes would not allow the Inquisition to function in their territory.

* * *

Gerald Bailey, the often harassed but always indefatigable secretary of the National Peace Council, has resigned after nearly twenty years' service. Under his guidance the N.P.C. has been a meeting-place where the exponents of different shades of pacifist opinion could canvass their views, ventilate their differences, and decide on a common line of propaganda. The ability to compromise is not a characteristic of men of extreme views; pacifists are apt to be noble but rigid. In the '30s the N.P.C. was a battleground of controversy between the societies and persons who believed in absolute pacifism and those who would fight in a League of Nations war. A similar divergence exists to-day with the supporters of Uno inheriting the role of the supporters of the League. There was a brief period in the late '30s when the Communists tried to capture or at least to steer the Council, and among the pacifists there have always been Marxian deviationists who would fight in no war except a civil war. Gerald Bailey was endlessly patient in creating a common platform for the different schools of pacifists. He had great skill in reconciling the irreconcilable and in drafting formulas to which all could with equal reservations subscribe. He might be described as the incarnate highest common factor. He had considerable organising ability and maintained an impressive programme of activities of meetings, addressed by distinguished persons, of deputa-

tions to Cabinet Ministers, of memoranda and well-signed letters on critical international issues. He was always sustained in his rather thankless task by a passion for peace which sprang from a deep conviction that war was not only an insult to the common sense of mankind, but an outrage upon the moral order of the universe.

* * *

It was great fun after so many years to take a party of children to first-class conjuring; to guess at the trick by which thoughts are miraculously read on the platform; to see one woman sawn in half and another disappear into thin air out of a hammock. Mr. Jasper Maskelyne has lost nothing in skill. But much of the show was spoilt by absurd political patter. Why some of his colleagues bored the children and annoyed, I suppose, about half the adults, by constant and irrelevant jibes at the Government, is to me a greater mystery than seeing a bottle and glass change places without human agency. Amusing patter used to play an important part in conjuring performances. Can it be that the smiling and sugary lady who thus spoilt her act did not notice that the audience found these repeated references to food shortages and to an unexplained dwindling of the British Empire quite unamusing? Actually, everybody there had had a very good Christmas, neither food or drink had been short, so that even if the audience had consisted entirely of anti-Socialist adults instead of children, such jokes would have fallen flat.

* * *

A man who gets so merry that he climbs up Eros, doing £48 worth of damage, and treating a remonstrating policeman with marked disrespect clearly deserves to cool off for a night or two in a police station. He is also rightly rebuked by the magistrate and made to pay costs and to foot the bill for the repairs to Eros. But really what (as they say) are we coming to when he is sentenced to three months' imprisonment for such an escapade? Surely the question arises whether a man can both be drunk and capable of *malicious* damage. The sentence seems to be so fantastic that I am wondering whether our psychologists can find some special explanation. Has Eros, rightly beloved and admired, become a sacred totemic emblem? Is society unconsciously punishing sacrilege? I would not know. But I do suggest that a three months' sentence—more severe than current sentences for brutality to persons—is out of all real proportion as the penalty for such a commonplace example of drunken foolishness. Its failure as a deterrent has already been demonstrated.

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With a little more space nowadays, and the hope at least of a further concession of newsprint in the future, we begin to recall that in the distant days before the war, this journal used to contain a number of regular "features" which added variety to the weekly bill of fare. Which of them, we wonder, would readers most like to see revived, or what new features would they most welcome? A cross-word? Lord Keynes used to say that it was always safe for a newspaper to have a cross-word, since cross-word solvers, being addicts, could not find enough cross-words in all the papers to keep them fully occupied. This journal used to carry a brilliant feature, "About Motoring," but that, we fear, would seem ironic to-day. Gardening? Bridge? Acrostics? More competitions? Caliban *redidivus*? Since my own hobby is chess, my preference is for a new type of chess-column. Not one of the conventional columns with a weekly problem and perhaps a short game from a tournament, but a real discussion of the finer points of the game by an expert. I should like concrete examples of what is meant by "positional judgment," a real analysis of the rival "styles" of the Masters, and an answer to the question how far everything they do is the result of precise calculation and where intuitive divination comes in. If we have competitions, as I think we should, they would have to be more amusing than the usual problems. There are some tens of thousands of ardent chess-players in this country, but whether there are enough of them among the readers of this paper to justify first preference going to a chess feature I don't know. Some indication of readers' preferences for various types of feature would be welcome.

CRITIC

PALESTINE PUREE

On the sands of the desert they builded a tower,
The fortress and bastion of Middle East power,
A strong reinforcement to peaceful persuasion,
A wall of defence or a base for invasion.

For furthering Anglo-Arabian relations
Great Britain advised on the fortifications,
As guardian of Suez, if foes should assault her,
She raised in the desert a rock of Gibraltar.

In building of bastions Whitehall is no tyro,
She buttressed Damascus and Beirut and Cairo,
And the arms and the keys she supplied to a warden,
To loyal Abdullah the King of Transjordan.

But soon in the fortress the house was divided,
Being built upon sand the foundations subsided,
Though the Bulwark of Suez was undermined daily
The League would not join to resist the Israeli.

Though the Palestine cease-fire of Uno was phoney,
The Near East was cold and Arabia stony,
Though Syrians were threatened and even Iraqi
They did not call Whitehall for saviours in khaki.

Then Beirut waxed cool and Cairo still cooler,
And none would appeal but Transjordan's Abdulla,
So Whitehall sent aid to the stalled Arab Legion
And its aircraft patrolled a most delicate region.

As Mecca to Muslim, as Zion to Jew is,
Even so to Great Britain is the safety of Suez,
In the zone of defence she is pulling no punches,
But the Whitehall observers conflicted with Bunche's.

So Uno warned Whitehall to keep at a distance,
The Arab League ratted on mutual assistance,
And whatever the end between Islam and Jewry,
They say too many cooks spoil Palestine's puree.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

London used to be the most law-abiding capital in the world. But now? Bandaged and battered Colonel Osbaldeston-Mitford puts the thoughts of Londoners into words: "I have fought in three wars. I have been in nine earthquakes and three revolutions. Yet never was I in greater danger than I am these days sitting round a table having a meal at home."—*Evening Standard.* (W. F. R. Duxbury.)

I wonder if it is possible for all of us to encourage the Service man and woman of today, give them a cheery word, make them feel that they are doing a necessary job. Even if they are not, up to now, covered in glory, who knows, they may at some future date have their name upon the Cenotaph.—Letter in *The Morecambe & Heysham Visitor.* (M. Huyton.)

Without doubt a gallant gentleman with a fine war record, there is much of the Regency buck in him. He once ruined a pair of trousers and a pair of suede shoes riding pillion at West Ham speedway.—*Sunday Express.* (P. J. Maher.)

One store which provided smelling salts and spirits for bargain hunters who collapsed in the crush still had some smelling salts left this afternoon—but no spirits.—*Star.* (Mrs. B. W. Dalton.)

Private lady has for sale, out-size navy winter coat, trimmed fur; also others; reasonable or would exchange for dressed poultry, etc.—Advt. in *Westmorland Gazette.* (Mrs. J. M. Nelson.)

THE TATE VERSUS THE ACADEMY

The Royal Academy must not be blamed for inviting the public this winter to look at a mass of Victorian and Edwardian painting and sculpture, most of it conspicuously dull or vulgar. It was the Board of the Tate that unkindly proposed this exhibition, whereupon the Academy accepted the challenge, took its skeleton out of the cupboard, and is now gallantly brandishing it. These institutions have been for fifty years at loggerheads. To collect Fine Art of the highest merit is a function alike of the Tate and—under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest—of the Academy. But upon what is of the highest merit they have taken radically different views. Before entering upon any dispute about taste, let me summarise the agreed facts.

Chantrey, a successful sculptor who died in 1841, left the interest upon £105,000 Consols for the encouragement of British Fine Art by the annual purchase of the most meritorious paintings and sculpture that could be obtained. The selection of the works to be bought was entrusted to the President and Council of the Royal Academy, who were enjoined to pay "liberal" prices. The bequest became operative only in 1875, after the death of the testator's widow. No provision having been made for the housing of the collection, the Government agreed in 1897 to keep it in the newly-built Tate Gallery. If the whole collection were now shown there, it would occupy more than half of the museum, and most of the works are not exhibited.

By 1904 criticism of the Chantrey purchases had become so virulent that a Select Committee of Peers was appointed to consider the administration of the Bequest. (Mr. MacColl was the chief mover in this, and it is sad that he should have died last month, just before an exhibition that would have given him such satisfaction.) The Peers' Report makes most lively reading. Witnesses pointed out that many of the most eminent artists did not exhibit in the Academy, and that unaccountably these were not represented in the Chantrey collection. One Academician who had helped to select the purchases revealed his belief that these must be made at the Academy exhibitions. (In fact, all but six had been.) Poynter, the President of the Academy, agreed that this was a mistaken view, but opined that all the best pictures did come to the Academy, a conviction in which he was supported by his fellow Academicians, Alma-Tadema, Seymour Lucas and Val Prinsep. He admitted, however, that there were some "gaps," explicable by a supposed (but non-existent) veto in the will upon purchases from dealers or at auctions. Despite this he held that the collection was "a most admirable exposition of British Art." The Committee came to a different conclusion. Too many pictures of a merely popular character had been bought, they decided, and too few with the artistic distinction aimed at by Chantrey. They recommended that the Academy should cease purchasing almost exclusively from their own exhibitions.

This damaging Report did not noticeably modify the character of the purchases, though fifteen years later the Academy showed its broad-mindedness by buying some works by Burne-Jones. (He had shown only once at the Burlington House, and had resigned his Associateship.) The Tate Trustees continued to have very little money available for purchases; the Academy continued to send them works they did not want. In 1915 the Curzon Committee of Trustees of the National Gallery were empowered to hold another inquiry. They reported that many of the Chantrey purchases were a discredit to the walls of the Tate, and recommended that the Tate Board should take over from the Academy the spending of the Chantrey income. If the Government did not pass the legislation necessary for this, the Tate was advised not to exhibit purchases it disapproved. In a memorandum

attached to this Report Lord Curzon stigmatised the situation created by the Academy as "absurd and indefensible." This time the Academy, it seems, decided that some concession would be prudent; and in 1922 they came to an agreement with the Tate. Two members of the Tate Board and three representatives chosen by the Academy were now to select the Chantrey purchases, unanimity being necessary. A further right of veto (which has been used) was vested in the Academy but not in the Tate. A vast improvement in the character of some purchases has resulted, yet nobody can pretend that the compromise works well. Out of the £2,000 a year available, only £186 was spent in 1941, only £45 in 1942, only £90 in 1946. It is certain that in each of these years the Tate representatives could have found without difficulty £2,000 worth of works of art that their Board would have welcomed to the Gallery with enthusiasm. If these were not bought, it can have been only because the Academy representatives would not consent.

In 1946 the third official arraignment of the Chantrey Bequest administration was made public. The Massey Committee, like the Curzon Committee, reported that the ideal settlement of the matter was to transfer the income of the Bequest to the Tate trustees. Failing this, the Tate should be given a larger say upon the joint selection committee, and should be empowered to refuse even to house Chantrey purchases they disapproved. In the preface to the catalogue of the current exhibition Sir Walter Lamb, secretary to the Royal Academy, appears to summarise the history of the Bequest, but finds no space to mention either the Curzon Report or the Massey.

Now I must leave the realm of proved fact and venture into the disputed territory of taste. When Chantrey made his will, the Academy was still attempting to fulfil the exalted functions for which it was founded, and most of the able artists in the country were sending to its exhibitions: it was natural for Chantrey to entrust it with the spending of his Bequest. Thirty-five years later, when the first purchases were made, the Academy had changed its character. It had become the champion not of academic but of popular art; and a number of the most distinguished artists—including the Pre-Raphaelites and Whistler—held themselves aloof from it. Such abstention has since then come to be increasingly usual among those artists whose work is wanted by the Tate; and the Tate Board proposed the present exhibition in order to prove that most of the Chantrey money had been spent not upon "Fine Art of the highest merit" but upon stuff of the type that soon ceases even to be popular.

It is entirely proper that such work should be displayed. There is always a demand for historical paintings, attractive nudes, flattering portraits of Generals, Lord Mayors, ladies of fashion and headmasters. In the past the greatest artists were often happy to produce such pictures; but willingness to do so has in this century become regrettably rare among the painters most admired by museum directors and art critics. While, therefore, the Academy must be thought to perform a useful—though highly unacademic—function in exhibiting such works, the Tate seems to me justified in not wishing to be bothered with them even in its cellars. In music and literature the gulf between the "serious" and the "popular" has become no less marked than in painting and sculpture. No sensible person wishes to suppress dance music or such compositions as *In a Monastery Garden*, the novels of Miss Daphne du Maurier or the verse of Miss Patience Strong. It would, however, be thought surprising if the encouragement of such work became the chief occupation of the Royal Academy of Music or the British Academy. Nor is it imaginable that the heads of these institutions could call Vaughan Williams and T. S. Eliot less accomplished than Mr. Ketelby or Miss Strong. The peculiarity of the current situation in painting and sculpture is not merely that the Royal Academicians are so seldom academic: it is that they fancy themselves to be scholarly as well as "popular"; and that their President denounces as unskilled the contemporary artists who are approved by the Trustees of the Tate. The difference between the two bodies is unbridgeable.

Now for the works in the exhibition. I found in it one agreeable surprise, a landscape in the first room by one Wyllie: it is perhaps significant that this is one of the few exhibits so skyed as to make close scrutiny impossible. Most of the other unfamiliar works are merely dull except as documents for a history of taste; but there are such comprehensibly popular pictures, known to us from calendars, as *Love Locked Out, Between Two Fires, The Bath of Psyche* and Hacker's coquettish *Annunciation*. There is no work by Rossetti, Whistler, Cecil Lawson, Sickert, Conder, Brabazon, Gwen John or Spencer Gore; and until the Tate began to have a voice in the purchases, there was no painting by Steer, no sculpture by Stevens or Gilbert. (I mention only dead artists.) More strange, though less shocking, is the absence of any picture by John Phillip or J. F. Lewis or (until the Tate intrusion) by Sant, though these all were Academicians.

It is only fair to remark that in the Seventies, when the Chantrey purchases began, British painting was at the lowest ebb it has ever reached. Good new pictures would have been hard to find; and, though Chantrey permitted the purchase of all meritorious works made in this country, including those of dead or foreign artists, the Academy cannot reasonably be condemned for not patronising Sisley, Pissarro and Monet. In the Eighties, however, the New English Art Club revealed a group of signally gifted painters; and to these, as previously to Rossetti, Burne-Jones and Stevens, the Academy turned a blind eye. What one complains of is not so much that they bought many worthless works as that they hardly ever hit upon a good one. Such consistently bad judgment must be blamed not upon bad luck but upon bad taste. Because they bought so frequently from their fellow Academicians, they were accused of corruption; but it was ignorance and vulgarity, I fear, rather than nepotism that made them prefer Farquharson and Dicksee to Sickert and Steer. I may be accused of being wise after the event; taste changes, it may be urged, and no one could guess in 1899 which artists would be valued fifty years later. In fact, the most eminent critics of the time did guess this pretty successfully; and in their evidence before the Select Committee in 1904 they denounced the neglect of just those artists whose work has conspicuously gained in value.

Since the Tate has had some voice in selecting the Chantrey purchases, works by a score of very distinguished artists—most of them dead—have been admitted into the collection. Yet the general result offers a misleadingly dismal conspectus of contemporary art. Moreover, deeply as I respect the Tate Board, I fear that their representatives have been accomplices in many perplexing purchases. No one doubts that Dame Laura Knight, Mr. Harold Knight and Mr. Meredith Frampton afford widespread pleasure, but can the Tate Board consider the particular works bought from these appropriate to the Gallery? One does not expect the joint committee to patronise artists who can be accused of juvenile adventurousness, such as the sexagenarian Matthew Smith or the octogenarian Frances Hodgkins, but how are we to account for the neglect of Sir William Nicholson?

Those who hold that the Chantrey purchases have for the most part been lamentable cannot blame this upon lack of funds. Although two of the paintings I most admire in this show—those by Sant and Fred Brown—cost only £30 each, the testator's insistence that prices should be liberal has seldom been neglected. The most expensive work, a Herkomer, was destroyed at sea—by whom I do not know. A specially bad Millais and a characteristic Dicksee cost £2,000 each, a small Alma-Tadema £1,750. Among living painters the one on whose work it has been thought wise to spend most money is the present President of the Academy; but it is Mr. Cadogan Cowper who has received most for a single picture. This must be supposed to be of extraordinary merit. It belongs to the "Cardinal" school. (The appetite of a section of the public for paintings of Cardinals drinking the cook's health or bringing their connoisseurship to bear upon a wine or a statuette, deserves study by psychologists.) Most of the Cardinal-painters have been foreign, but Mr. Cowper outdid them all by manufacturing a picture ten times larger than any of theirs, and undeniably more striking. It displays, above the incarnadined College, Lucrezia Borgia on the papal throne, with a monk kissing her toe! To discuss the composition, colour and handling would be impertinent, but one may argue that it was wise to procure, regardless of cost, a work that reveals so unbridled an imagination.

"You critics," Sir Alfred Munnings could reply, "may not care for pictures of this type, because they are out of fashion; but a great many of the artists you most admire were neglected for centuries. How do you know that, two or three hundred years from now, Mr. Cowper will not, like Duccio or Piero della Francesca, emerge as one of the supreme artists of the world?" Here is an argument to which I can offer no conclusive answer. Posterity may agree with the Academy in preferring the Chantrey collection to the paintings and sculpture acquired by other means for the Tate during the same period. Mr. Irving Berlin may be preferred to Beethoven, and Miss Dodie Smith to Shakespeare. All conjecture about taste in 2149 must be vain. But unless the Academy can find some better defence than such unlikely speculations, the public, I fancy, will decide that in this contest the Tate Board have won, hands down.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE CRIMINAL FRINGE

MR. BERNARD SHAW was once able to announce that the royalties on the sale of his novels had increased 170 per cent. in the years 1889-91. "In fact," he said, "170 is an understatement, for the exact figures were two and tenpence for 1889 and seven and tenpence for 1891."

Criminal Statistics should not, of course, be approached in this spirit; and heaven knows there is little enough danger of it. The "percentage increases" in particular kinds of crime have lately become so familiar that only by special treatment can they be groomed to compete for news-space. We are now quite used to reading that (e.g.) 56,000 thieves got convicted in 1938, 69,000 in 1946, and 76,000 in 1947. We could be told with equal truth (and precisely opposite effect) that whereas less than two people in a million were so convicted in 1938, the figure was still below two per million in 1947. We might express this even more helpfully for ourselves as a fraction—a five-thousandth part of one per cent. of the population. And even if that led us to reflect too complacently that 999,998 people in a million are not convicted thieves, there would still be the occasional jolt of personal loss to give us the salutary reminder that not all thieves get convicted.

It is against this apparent background of vastly predominant honesty that we should set the crime figures. To speak now as though the foundations of society were threatened by a wave of lawlessness is to imply that they were standing up to the strain well enough in 1938, so that if only we could reduce our thieves to 56,000 again we could leave them to the prison governors and the probation service and turn our attention to something less perplexing. But we can't do this. Even if 76,000 seems a reasonably small force of thieves in these crowded islands, we should hardly expect 29 per cent. of them to be boys and girls under seventeen. That figure, from the 1947 Criminal Statistics published in September, 1948, is the figure to worry about; and the question whether it is bigger or smaller than previous

figures should not be required to bear a quantitative relationship to the intensity of the worry. The truth without figures is that we have too many young crooks, and it was true for centuries before the compilation of Criminal Statistics was thought of. It was certainly true when we used to hang thieves or pack them off to New South Wales.

There is one aspect of the young crook problem that receives no mention at all in the public utterances of the moralists and the social observers. This is that young crooks are the easiest to catch, that they behave in a dafter way than the older crooks and fall into simpler traps. For one thing, they still like operating in gangs, preferably with some cabalistic sign as a trade mark. The bitter lesson that successful crime is a solo pursuit can only be fully learned, it seems, by years of retrospective contemplation in prison cells. Almost any gang will, by the law of averages, contain at least one fool who forgets his raincoat or cap in the hurry to get away, or one sop whose parents can prevail upon him to help the police and then turn over a new leaf. The gang is the criminal's prep-school, though most of the things he learns in it must be unlearned before he embarks upon serious business.

But if so much of our current crime is being committed by bungling apprentices, surely this is the most serious possible criticism of the police, who fail to catch so many of them? Not necessarily. It underlines the superior merit of purely preventive work, of having our policemen so thick on the ground that the difficulty of starting anything is exceeded only by the difficulty of getting away when the job is done. The present pre-occupation with radio-fitted cars, constantly in readiness to swoop on crimes we can no longer prevent, is not due to any official belief that detections and arrests are more valuable than prevention; it is due to a determination to deploy a desperately inadequate man-power to the best advantage. Whether or not the present system in fact achieves that end is a question upon which the police and their critics are divided. The critics are entitled to complain that too much police time is spent in the enforcement of petty regulations—a view that has many supporters inside the police service itself. The ostensible view of the police comes before the public only in the form of stilted written replies to angry Parliamentary questions.

The 1947 figures were not discouraging, if you take the view that juvenile crime is the crux of the whole problem. Larcenies and sexual offences were a little more frequent among the under-seventeens; burglary, shopbreaking, receiving, and assault were a little less. But the Lord Chancellor has said that 1948 will show an increase on 1947 of thirty per cent. in the number of indictable offences committeed by juveniles, and if this proves to be true the voice of moderation will be heard with greater difficulty than ever. The opinion that is likely to be the most vociferous is the one that always calls down severity, discipline, and retribution upon the offenders who get caught and holds that the ones who don't can be influenced by judicial "example." This policy has already set in, for the Magistrates are punishing more and more juveniles and using probation less and less—this has been a consistent feature of the Criminal Statistics for some years. It is a counsel of despair, and the Government have shown the Magistrates that they so regard it by providing in the Criminal Justice Act that people under seventeen are not to be sent to prison.

It is commonly accepted that the figures justify the current references to a "crime wave," though they are smaller in respect of some crimes than those of 1938, when apparently there was no crime wave at all—for example shoplifting, fraud, and false pretences. If the general figures now remained more or less constant they would, after some years, cease to be called a wave and establish a new norm by which we should measure future waves. But there is no need to accept a progressive worsening, much less to precipitate it by recourse to the provocative severity of fifty years ago. Two other methods are available: augment the police service by way of preventive insurance, and educate the children.

I pin my faith to education. I know that "educated" people sometimes resort to crime and that they can be an unmitigated nuisance when they do, necessitating even the re-christening of some of the crimes themselves and often putting the prosecution to great expense and inconvenience. But there were not many of them among the 714 burglars of 1947, or the 6,292 shopbreakers, and a few talks with prisoners would convince anyone who doubts this. There is, I believe, far more hope in the policy of educating children for citizenship than in the proposed plans to instil responsibility into the parents by preaching and exhortation to which they will be naturally disinclined to listen. The parents of our young crooks are beyond our reach; we ought to cut our losses—regard them as our failures, their exposure as such being completed by the extent to which their children flout and ignore them. The children are in the hands of the State, whether the individual deplores the fact or not; they are the only members of the population who are legally compelled to sit down and be instructed in social behaviour. "Education," said Herbert Spencer, "has for its object the formation of character." Of course, he may have been thinking of the withdrawn contemplation of the classics, for even in his day education was beginning commonly to mean training for a lifetime of machine-minding. But it is becoming urgent that it should once again direct itself towards the formation of character; and it is quite useless to say, as so many seem now to be saying, "I blame the parents," and then leave the problem on the doorsteps of the people blamed.

Above all, when we have read our daily dose of foreboding, when we have learned from the judges that women cannot safely answer the doorbell after nightfall and from journalists that "the citizen can no longer go about his business or sleep in his bed in peace and safety," let us consider the figures for ourselves. The sane way to do this is to reflect, not that 2,874 out of every million people committed some kind of offence in 1947, but that 997,126 in every million never even forgot their driving licences or let the dog run out without a collar.

C. H. ROLPH

PEOPLE OF THE HOGANS

THE dirt track, no more than a faint line across the sand, dipped across a dry gully and petered out beneath a pile of eroded rock. As the Ford lurched to a stop the welfare officer pointed to three octagonal mud and timber huts at the foot of the *mesa*. "This," she said, "is a well-populated area. If all the *hogans* were as accessible as this we could begin to make some headway with the appalling problems of these people." We were less than twenty miles inside the Navajo reservation, which covers twenty-five thousand square miles of New Mexico and Arizona. The roads, blocked by snow and floods in winter, dusty trails in the scorching summer months, are a cartographer's fiction. Some, it is true, lead to tiny mission settlements. But the Navajo people are nomadic, moving across their reservation in search of water and pasture for their livestock. "Even this track may be useless next year," said my guide as we walked across to the three huts, "because the people may burn their *hogans* and move away."

This isolation, perhaps, is one explanation of the misery in which the Navajo Indians live. Driving West on Highway 66, the ordinary travellers skirt the southern fringe of this vast reservation. They will see the roadside trading posts which sell quaint jewellery and rugs, or rub shoulders with Indian pedlars in nearby towns. Few of them inquire how the Indians, whose dances and rodeos are pet subjects for the tourist photographer, really live.

But last year American Indians suddenly became good copy for the press. Part of the publicity sprang from the ulterior motives of isolationists who found that the sad story of poverty, disease and starvation was good ammunition to fire at the financial demands of Europe. Much of it, however, was honest indignation, shocking the public with facts which have been known for years to the small groups which have tried to help the Indians and protect them. Seventy years after the West was finally pacified and the Indians, by force, were adopted as wards of the government, the United States had to face an expensive and complicated problem.

If all the Indians suffered from the same troubles, if they all lived under similar conditions, if uniform remedies could be applied, it would still take much money, effort and intelligence to wipe out the results of abuse and neglect. But it is impossible to make any real generalisations about the four hundred thousand Indians who live between New York and California. Many live on reservations. Others may be in segregated urban slums or virtually assimilated and prosperous, particularly in Oklahoma. They have no common tongue, save English or Spanish. Property rights, legal status, religious and tribal customs may differ widely even between groups living in proximity. Many tribes, of course, have no serious problems. Their land is fertile; their reservations are tax-exempt, inalienable and often the source of oil or metal ores. They are secured against unwanted intrusion, either by the curious or, except for a few major offences, by the police. They have reasonably good welfare and educational services. Take, for instance, the Pueblo Indians, who live in *adobé* villages up the valley of the Rio Grande. They are comparatively poor. But their social life is well organised, their pueblos are accessible, and they have learnt to make a good thing out of the tourist. Though, for cultural reasons, they will be difficult to assimilate, their condition is not an outrage on decency and humanity. Not far from Los Alamos I talked with Popovi Da, the Governor of the San Ildefonso Pueblo. A young man, a graduate of Stanford University, he worked on the atom bomb project high in the mountains above his village. Now he has given up his scientific career to return to his people, to paint and to market the pottery made by his mother. His brilliant achievement, of course, is an exception. But for him, as for the Lancashire girl I met who had married an Indian G.I. and who lives in a neighbouring pueblo, "life isn't at all bad here."

The bare facts about the Navajo people, more than sixty thousand strong, make a frightful contrast. Two-thirds of them cannot speak English and, since their language has only recently been written down by experts, only a handful are literate. Some five thousand are known to be tubercular—with one sanatorium providing a maximum of a hundred beds—and venereal disease claims thousands more. Infantile mortality is nearly ten times the national average and three times as high as for the Indian population as a whole. Three dentists and less than a dozen doctors must try to cope with such members of the tribe who are within reach. Only the isolated and nomadic life they lead prevents them from succumbing to sweeping epidemics.

These statistics are but the outline of the Navajo problem. The whole picture is even worse. Education, perhaps, presents immense difficulties in this huge reservation, subject to climate extremes, without any proper transportation and, above all, without adequate funds. Dr. George Boyce, the Director of Navajo Schools—a man whose zeal and sympathy have not been destroyed by years of heartbreaking frustration—told me that his funds permit schooling only for some five thousand children from a total of nearly four times that number. It is true that schools become expensive when most of the children must be fed and housed as well as taught. But, in 1868, the Navajos made peace with the United States after a ruthless campaign in which their flocks were slaughtered, their homes burnt and the whole tribe locked in a concentration camp for four years. By the peace treaty, the United States Government pledged itself to provide a school and

resident teacher for every thirty children. To-day, one in four get a makeshift education! The schools are often old, unhealthy and overcrowded. At Wingate, for example, an old army barracks, fifty girls sleep on a back porch where the winter temperature drops below zero. Some schools have had to be closed because the buildings were falling down. The government schools, augmented by a few missions, are doing heroic work. But physical difficulties and a shortage of funds have caused an actual decline in educational facilities in the recent past.

If the Navajos objected to education and preferred barbaric seclusion, some excuse could be made for this. But they are pathetically eager for help and contact with the world outside. I visited one *hogan* which was literally on the point of collapse. Two blind grandparents, both starving, were cared for by a crippled girl and her brother, age nine. A few weeks before, the boy had run off the reservation and been found with a gun, demanding that he be allowed to go to school. Nearly four thousand Navajos joined the armed services; more than fourteen thousand found war work of some kind; others would have volunteered if they could have passed the health and literacy tests. For a brief period, soldiers' allowances and outside wages boosted the level of life on the reservation. But that came to an end and income is now down to an average of eighty dollars a head annually. The estimated calorie intake is about twelve hundred a day. Over twenty thousand people were destitute last year. Federal relief funds averaged three dollars a person for the whole year. In spite of the emergency legislation passed by Congress there has as yet been no real improvement.

Neither Arizona nor New Mexico will permit reservation Indians to receive social security benefits—though test cases have been entered in the courts—nor do they provide institutions for the care of delinquents, the blind and the deaf. This is part of a policy which, by unworkable liquor laws, promotes widespread bootlegging, and, until this year, denied both the Arizona and the New Mexico Indians the vote.

Dr. Boyce summarised for me their economic problem. "On this reservation," he said, "the grass must be used for horses as well as sheep. The horse hauls the family water, perhaps as much as fifteen miles, carries his owner to the trading post or to his flocks. At best, after allowing for the horses, the grass will suffice for some 350,000 sheep, an average of seven per person, yielding an annual cash income of about forty dollars. There is less than half an acre of irrigated farm land per person. The remainder of the income of the tribe comes from curios and casual earnings. A dollar, fifty cents each week for each member of a family—and these are the lucky ones—doesn't go far these days. These are the basic reasons why the Navajos are the poorest group in the United States, badly fed, clothed and housed, shockingly so even to me, and I've been working on this reservation for a good many years."

"If we could feel that a start was being made," another social worker who has devoted herself to this cause told me, "it would give hope to the Navajos and to many of us who live alongside them. To-day our hope is slight and they are desperate." We were walking away from the little group of *hogans* we first visited. With us was a beautiful young Indian girl. It had taken my guide and most of the girl's family to persuade her grandmother—the real boss of a Navajo family—to let her go away to a farm camp in Idaho. But a wage of thirty dollars a week had finally convinced the old lady. "She says," one of the family translated, "that money seems to be more important than the wishes of the old people to-day."

This, then, is how the Navajos must live to-day. The young men who travelled away in the war are no longer content to be tourist curiosities and paupers. They, and White friends, have started a fight for their rights which, when pending litigation by many tribes comes to a final settlement, may well cost the United States Government a small fortune for failure to uphold its legal obligations.

It will take many years of enlightened effort and financial generosity to give the American Indian his proper place in society. Perhaps the suffering of the Navajo, which really carried the facts before an astonished public for the first time, will not have been vain. The Indian is just learning again to fight for justice—this time the White man's way, with lawyers and the press.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

"A WORLD OF YOUR OWN"

IT has taken ten years to build it and now it has disappeared. For ten years a small group of people, three of us to be exact—Tommy Handley, Ted Kavanagh and myself—have week by week been working on a radio show, a vehicle designed explicitly for a particular personality which we christened "ITMA," and now it has gone as if it had never been.

When we started, at the beginning of the recent war, it was simply a work-a-day job, an assignment to put on a weekly half-hour comedy show. We exploited every known trick, we even invented a few unknown ones, and one day it was born upon us that we had created a success. We started with a well-known comic personality, Tommy Handley. We introduced him to a number of queer types—it was a simple business of getting laughs. "We will make him a great personage," we said—so we made him a Minister of the Crown—we made him head of the Office of Twerps—an important branch of the Ministry of Aggravation and Mysteries. He was pursued by enemy agents—the notorious Funf—his office was evacuated to the country, and he became the embodiment of red-tape imbecility. It was all very corney, but it was a lot of fun and people liked it. It was such a lot of fun that commercial interests stepped in, and Tommy and his Gang went away on a tour of the country.

When he came back to the air—all had changed. There was no more phoney war—the Channel ports were occupied by a dangerous and grim enemy. Europe was under the heel of the Wehrmacht.

It was then that we really started to create this world of our own. Remember that our job was to provide entertainment to make people laugh when there was, on the face of it, little to laugh at. Reality was horrible—reality was nightly air raids, reality was standing alone, a little uncertainly perhaps, in the face of an inexorable and frighteningly efficient foe. So we escaped from this reality into a world of our own—this world which highbrows called surrealistic and others merely crazy. But whatever you call it, this world, peopled by Claude and Cecil, Mrs. Mopp, Signor So-so, Ali-Oop, the oriental pedlar, and Colonel Chinstrap, became a real place for millions of people. Not only in this country did ordinary folk enter our world, but all over occupied Europe. Our crazy little territory was entered by desperate, but defiant, people on illicit sets hidden from the prying eyes of the Gestapo. We had succeeded in a mad world in creating a madder one which brought relief and entertainment in the most unexpected places.

Through the dark years we plodded on, changing a character here, an actor there, and finally the great outside world seemed to come to its senses. The war was won. Peace and reason were to reign supreme. The mistakes of World War I would not be made again, and at last there was to be a world fit for heroes. Was there any place in this triumph for our funny little world? Surely it should have died a natural death. But, alas, reason and peace did not seem to emerge, and the "after-the-war" world became almost at once even more chaotic. We moved to Tomtopia, a mythical island, recently absorbed into the Empire, with his Excellency, Tommy Handley, the first Governor. He administered this little realm as illogically as he had handled his Estates at Foaming-in-the-Mouth during the war, but the world became so like Tomtopia that we had to leave it. For Miss Hotchkiss, the battle-axe secretary, Big Chief Biggabanga, Naieve, the innocent daughter of Major Munday, who, poor man, had retired from the Army to Tomtopia under a cloud—these and many others became for the listener real people, and we became immersed week by week in their problems.

So it has gone on. Until a week ago Frisby Dyke, the Liverpool inquirer after truth; Sophie Tuckshop, the Ronald Searle Schoolgirl; Mona Lott, the epitome of courageous housewifery, and many others, were part and parcel of our life. Now suddenly all is over. The centre of this mad cosmos, the Prince of this crazy little kingdom—Tommy Handley—is dead, and with him passes this world of ours that was "ITMA."

Why, it is asked, cannot this world continue? There are the characters and there is the situation. What is to stop another kingpin being inserted to hold together this flimsy but attractive structure? The answer is that Tommy Handley was a comic genius such as rarely comes our way. He chose the medium of radio, and he was miraculous in it. Sound radio, this ephemeral entertainment medium, so transient that even now Television threatens its very existence, has produced at least one thing of real lasting merit—and that is Tommy Handley—and with his passing a great light had gone out, and our little world, shared weekly by millions of ordinary people, has collapsed as completely as the Third Reich which indirectly brought it into being.

FRANCIS WORSLEY

The Arts and Entertainment

LEOŠ JANÁČEK

NATIONALISM, which began by adding fascinating new flavours to our musical diet, soon produced a new phenomenon: the good composer whose works won't travel. The first generation of the nationalists (Dvořák, Grieg, Tchaikovsky and the other Russians) encountered a certain amount of academic opposition, but their music quickly established itself throughout Europe; in the next generation we begin to encounter the purely local hero. Though few Englishmen realise the fact, even Elgar is little more than that; and in the same category we find two remarkable composers who were Elgar's contemporaries: in Denmark Carl Nielsen (1865-1931), and in Czechoslovakia Leoš Janáček (1854-1928). To describe the fame of these three men as local is a slight exaggeration: Elgar is not unknown in America, Nielsen is admired throughout the Scandinavian countries, and Janáček enjoyed a brief vogue in pre-Hitler Germany on the strength of his most famous opera, which is called in Czech by the unalluring title *Her Foster-Daughter* (*Její Pastorkyňa*), but elsewhere by the name of its heroine, *Jenufa*. But it is significant that neither Janáček nor Nielsen is mentioned in Paul Lang's excellent *Music in Western Civilisation*, a thousand-page work which finds room for Joseph Jongen, Karl Millöcker, Franz Lehar, Sir Frederick Cowen and Sir Alexander Mackenzie. Attempts to establish Janáček's music in this country have so far been dogged by misfortune. His only visit to us, not long before his death, coincided with the General Strike of 1926; furthermore about half of his most important work is operatic, and apart from Puccini and Strauss, twentieth-century opera remains almost a closed book to the English public.

In a commendable attempt to enlighten our ignorance, the Third Programme has broadcast during the past year performances, recorded in Czechoslovakia, of Janáček's two most famous operas: *Jenufa* and *Káta Kabanová*, the latter founded on Ostrovski's play, *The Storm*. I hate to say a discouraging word; but it must be admitted that these broadcasts, exciting though they were to the fortunate

few who could follow them with a vocal score, suffered from such drawbacks as must have made them almost impenetrably difficult for the ordinary listener. In the first place, the recording, particularly of *Káta Kabanová*, was technically poor: too much voice, too little orchestra, no bass, continuous background roar. For these faults the Czech engineers (who did so well with *Dalibor*) must take the blame; but I think the B.B.C. might have done more to help the enthusiastic, uninformed listener. If the listening public is to get full value out of this admirable scheme of foreign opera relays and recordings, one thing is essential: the provision (as once for studio operas) of a printed libretto, with the original text on one side of the page, and a close (not a singing) translation on the other. Troublesome though it may prove, there is no other proper solution to the problem of broadcast opera in foreign languages.

Janáček above all needs such help, for his music is closely wedded to the text, and its idiom is as strange as the course of his career. His life was spent as a practical musician in the provincial capital, Brno; always a prolific composer, he matured late. *Jenufa* was his first representative work; though given at Brno in 1904, it reached Prague only in 1916, and it was this event which brought national fame to the 62-year-old composer. He became the hero of the younger generation, who accepted him as a contemporary, and in the remaining twelve years of his life he poured out music of extraordinary boldness and unforced originality: four more operas, two string quartets, a Piano Concertino, a Festival Mass, a Sinfonietta in the *al fresco* style (this is to be played in London on February 12th), a fascinating song-cycle called *The Diary of One Who Vanished*, and a wind sextet written in his 70th year and appropriately entitled *Youth*. His later idiom derives from a close study of the folk-songs, and still more of the speech-intonations, of his native Moravia. All his life he was fascinated by the lilt, the "tunes" so to speak, which people's voices make in speech; in his London hotel he jotted down the notes uttered by a page-boy as he called out a "wanted" room-number. Natural sounds too (of animals, wind, water) he observed minutely and brooded over in long hours of creative solitude. He felt that landscapes and people revealed their souls in "the tracks of sound that pass our way"; and the intensity of this feeling, coupled with his broadly emotional attitude towards human experience, prevented his translation of the sounds into musical structures from remaining at the level of a drily realistic *Sprechgesang*. Without knowing a word of Czech, one can feel the consumate ease and naturalness of the declamation; much more important is the fact that these brief, pregnant and often curiously poignant phrases, though often distantly related to some speech-cadence, have been so transformed into the stuff of music that, in his finest scenes, they flow into one another with effortless lyric grace and intensity. More curious still, phrases of a very similar cast form the thematic material of the purely instrumental works also; without being in any sense programme music, these works speak to us with an astonishingly original and personal accent. The personality of Leoš Janáček has certain affinities with the temperament of Thomas Hardy. There is the same combination of a quaint, earthy, realistic tang with a lyrical and poetical attitude to the human condition; a similar ability to make poetry out of the knotted and gnarled phrases of rustics or the prosaic cadences of everyday speech.

The parallel with Hardy must not be pressed too far. For one thing, Hardy's style often sinks into old-fashioned newspaper cliché, whereas the harmonic and orchestral idiom of Janáček is unconventional and unexpected to the last degree. The composer whom he most resembles is Mussorgsky, and yet it seems that *Boris Godunov* remained unknown to him as late as 1919, when he began the composition of his own Russian opera, *Káta Kabanová*. Never having had the luck to see a Janáček opera performed, I am often struck by the speed at which vital events occur, and wonder whether this characteristic laconicism tells on the stage; for example, Káta Kabanová has thrown herself into the Volga and been fished out again, dead, in about the time it would take another composer to lead up to her "suicide-scene." Altogether, *Káta* would undoubtedly present to an English company enormous difficulties of casting, acting and staging; if Sadler's Wells ever think of giving us a Janáček production, I fancy that the drama of peasant life, *Jenufa*, with its muted happy ending, its vivid choruses and its general air of being a sombre counterpart to *The Bartered Bride*, would make the most suitable introduction to the strange genius of Janáček.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR.

RADIO NOTES

Return Journey, A Year I Remember, The Inward Eye—there are times when one thinks that the B.B.C. must take an especial, even a morbid, interest in incursions into autobiography, in the remembrance of things past. The risks are plain enough; we live in a time when writers are all too ready to slip into nostalgia for their childhood, and nostalgia is a dangerous emotion, for its shadows are sentimentality and involuntary falsification. These are faults that the B.B.C.'s programmes of reminiscences normally avoid, and most of them are at the least agreeable. The two most recent have been much more than this. *The Inward Eye* series, which began unpromisingly with an exercise in Mr. R. C. Scriven's undistinguished derivative verse, justified itself with Dr. Bronowski's poem for five voices, *The Journey to Japan*, which might well have been called *Return to Hiroshima*, a city for which it must be impossible for anyone to feel nostalgia. I found it a programme at once bracing and difficult; bracing because Dr. Bronowski's humanism and optimistic rationalism, his refusal to be nagged by fears of the future, are always tonic. Difficult for several reasons. One was purely technical: I found it at times almost impossible to distinguish between the voices of two of his characters, the Japanese and the refugee scientist. Then there was the form of expression he used: his ingenious verse was made to carry considerable intellectual content, and the ear alone is much less intelligent than the eye, a fact which can never be sufficiently borne in mind by poets writing for radio and by radio producers. Though a few poets—Mr. MacNiece, Mr. Sackville West, Mr. Laurie Lee, Mr. Henry Reed, Mr. Terence Tiller—have succeeded in writing a radio-dramatic poetry readily assimilable by the ear, we have today no tradition of oral verse-writing. It will come, if it does come, only by constant practice and, above all, by the existence of an audience for it; that the Third Programme should provide. Meanwhile, programmes such as Dr. Bronowski's keep the seat warm for the real radio-poet when he arrives. This is not to say that *The Journey to Japan* was not good to hear; but I fancy it would be better still to read.

Mrs. Dorothy Baker's *Return to the Black Country* I found of absorbing interest. It was both an odyssey of an intellectual from the working class and an analysis of the stages in the odyssey; and there was all the time the implicit contrast between the luck of the little girl who was able to escape from her environment by scholarships from elementary school to high school and university and the fate of her friends who were doomed to take dead-end jobs in local factories at fourteen. It seems strange that imaginative programmes of this kind of social comment, of analysis of human ecology, should be so infrequently heard on the wireless; for it was just this relationship between Mrs. Baker's heroine and the graceless, grimy industrial community in which she was born—admirably recreated, by the way—which gave *Return to the Black Country* its strength and its fascination. Incidentally, how pleasurable it was to hear a dialect which is practically never heard on the

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air and is completely unknown on the stage: the producer, Mr. R. D. Smith, is to be congratulated on having rounded up enough radio-actors capable of speaking it convincingly.

It is, I think, a tribute to the vitality both of Dr. Bronowski's and Mrs. Baker's programmes that they should have left me wondering whether such series as *Return Journey* and *The Inward Eye* truly succeed in their aim, which is, I assume, to give imaginative writers the chance of using their especial gifts in terms of radio. They are, as I have said, nearly always agreeable, and often they are more than that. The level of accomplishment, as one would expect from their authors, is high. Yet it is rare that they rise superior to high-class journalism. One seldom feels that the writer has really extended himself, has concentrated all his power on his theme, in a way that would be expected of him in a novel or biography. Perhaps reminiscence is too easy.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Paradine Case," at the Leicester Square
"Cry of the City," at the Tatler

Bertrand Russell, in a recent talk reprinted in the *Listener*, lent his authority to the view that detective stories may purge the reader of his or her desire for violence. The killer and the killed, the chaser, the chased; vicariously one could enjoy wearing the shoes of each, and thence purgation. So at least he himself had found. This confession was an aside to the argument, disturbing but true, that in peace time too many people miss the excitement and violence of war.

The detective story, perhaps, was not put forward with any great belief in its efficiency: there it was, and given the right sort of person, it might do its bit. But would this sort of person—don, clergyman, stockbroker or housewife—be any more likely to start wars if Mrs. Christie, Miss Sayers and the rest had never written? Surely the pattern of the detective story is so artificial, the flavour so mild, that it could not possibly assuage any but the gentlest passion.

In the cinema one rarely meets this detective story proper; such complication of plot and equivocacy of character hardly ever come off under the eye's scrutiny. The artificial tends to become real, the sight of the corpse in some degree rouses horror, and in place of intellectual tension we enjoy the more dubious dance of nerves. Here, in fact, week after week on the screen, is that celebration of violence, from which the recommended story in print is so amiably free. Does it purge, then, or does it encourage? I confess I don't know. When it reaches the point of disgusting us, we charitably assume that it will incite others. In some murder films the feelings of sadism and masochism certainly come into play; and the better the film the stronger the impression, so that the films that get most praise are possibly the most dangerous. If Lord Russell ever airs his feelings on the cinema it would be interesting to know whether he would permit his remarks to extend so far.

Did *Rope*, for example, with its dazzling and peculiarly repellent crime increase our balance as citizens of a peaceful world? Was Uncle Harry—I think his name was Harry, that irresistibly morbid charmer of an earlier piece—really a good fairy in disguise? Are the *Paradine Case* and *Cry of the City* here to do us a good turn? The first, Hitchcock's latest, adheres to artificiality and the seemly side, the second to realism. Like other recent films of Hitchcock's *The Paradine Case* tends to slowness. Some reviewers may find this deliberation boring or infuriating, yet it fascinates me. But how well, in the present instance, a solid situation is made ready, how skilfully character and the past are revealed bit by bit, how our impatience with unhurried disclosure of fact creates in itself a tension of no mean order! The plot, from a novel by Robert Hitchens, concerns a murder trial, and not only the issue of that trial, but the lives of the accused, the judge, the barrister for the defence, and one of the leading witnesses. Mrs. Paradine is arrested in the first few moments; the rest follows deliberately, luxuriously, with a steady insistence on character. Charles Laughton, with a fat old watchful grin, cloaking a sharp wit and an eye for a woman's shoulders, gives a perfect performance as the judge: we know him in private long before he takes his chair at the Old Bailey. His, measured by words or actions, is a comparatively small part, but the effect is large: he watches over the rest of the cast—an excellent one including Ann Todd, Gregory Peck, Charles Coburn, Leo G. Carroll, and two young newcomers, Valli and Louis Jourdan—much as Hitchcock himself watches over the whole film. Hitchcock manages not only his scenes, but every angle and movement, the play of light and shade on an approaching face, brilliantly. The pleasure of merely looking and hearing is such that one forgives a certain obviousness in the climax and that touch of the theatrical which has been there from the beginning.

Cry of the City takes us out of drawing-room and court room into the streets. Directed by Robert Siodmak, this is a good if orthodox thriller of cop and crook. The attractions are prettily evenly distributed between Mr. Victor Mature for the law and Mr. Richard Conte against. In the end they are both trailing round town as odd-men-out, one with a heavily bandaged shoulder and the other with a leg full of bullets; this seems to me a bit too much, as does also the final reclamation of the kid brother. But these emblems of morality apart, *Cry of the City* attracts by its terse action and the realism of its scene. Here are the New York side streets, the Elevated, bars, lodging houses, hospitals, massage apartments, prison tunnels, that rarely break through the facade of a great city except when murder is round the corner. Is it murder that thrills, or does murder merely provide the excuse for opening our eyes wide and insisting that there shall be sights to fill them?

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Harvey" at the Prince of Wales

It's a good joke—this of the alcoholic perpetually accompanied by an invisible six-foot rabbit whom he introduces to his friends, for whom a place has to be laid at the family table and whose hat and coat the amiable drunk carries round, the hat pierced with two holes to fit over the invisible ears. And since it is Mr. Sid Field who is miming his unseen companion, the butter spreads over most of the evening. There are hints in the play of other and softer edges than this extended "shaggy dog" story, hints of the fey and the whimsy and the worship of the simple-hearted. But these are mercifully obscured by the mere size of the Prince of Wales Theatre which dictates the broadest music-hall treatment. That bears hardly on Miss Athene Seyler who manfully shoves her comedy across, and it cruelly slow-motions the fill-ins, whose material is anyhow painfully thin. But the evening is meant for Sid Field and his is a triumph of restraint. It must be a very curious feeling to have an audience baying below him for a full blooded belly-laugh and having to hold them off. But he does it. He gives the character a most engaging simplicity and, like all great comics, can tap a vein of true pathos.

But does the play give Sid Field—his many admirers will want to know—the opportunity for displaying his virtuoso touch? Yes, though in a somewhat subdued way. Winking and nudging at the empty chair, tripping over a non-existent foot, silencing an unheard interjection—in such moments his highly personal extravagance gets its run, and what is more, he succeeds, like any other magician, in conjuring up before us a real live rabbit out of thin air.

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FOREIGN LABOUR

SIR,—Among the European Voluntary Workers who may not prove desirable citizens of this country the nationals of my own country, Hungary, seem prominent. But they can hardly be accused of wishing to conceal their political past. In fact, their political organisations, in their respective newspapers, exhibit it with self-assurance, and it remains screened from public view only by the veil of language. So far I have seen three of these newspapers, *Hungarian Life, Hungarian Week,* and the *Journal of Homeless Hungarians.* The first of these is racialist: Hungary "knew what she was fighting for" by entering the war on Hitler's side, and "by doing so she protected also the West, lest pestilence engulf humanity." Yet *Hungarian Life* calls on the apparently less moderate *Hungarian Week,* "after liberation," to keep within racial bounds the thirst for possibly indiscriminate vengeance.

Hungarian Week is an Arrow Cross publication. It apparently regards Mr. Ferenc Nagy in Washington as a dangerous Communist collaborator who is to be given short shrift when The Day comes. In the *Journal of Homeless Hungarians,* which is described as the official organ of the Relief Committee of Democratic Hungarian Emigrés in England, Dr. Lipót Baranyai, described as the London representative of the Hungarian National Committee, operating in Washington, tries to find a common platform for all groups and to define the rights and duties of emigrés: "In the country which admits them the emigrés—if that country allows it, or tolerates it—endeavour to bring about the overthrow of the government in their home country." To such an end *Hungarian Life* also calls for a united effort: "It is painful that the Horthyite, the Arrow Cross and the Democratic Hungarians should hate each other . . . It stands to reason that, as long as the Liberation of our country has not taken place, and at least to that end, the two or three rival Hungarian emigré groups should find a way to co-ordinate their battles, since, after all, as long as we are here in England, neither group can have the other hung."

Evidently steps should be taken to send back to where they were picked from all European Volunteer Workers who make a nuisance of themselves by belonging to organizations which indulge in international political intrigue and, if there be such a thing as re-education, to re-educate those who picked them.

ILONA POLANYI

3 Edith Grove,
S.W.10.

BRITISH PEOPLE AND ANIMALS

SIR,—Critic's column in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of January 8 contains a dangerous generalisation when he says that "the British attitude to animals is . . . generally creditable." The danger of the generalisation lies in the fact that it might be used as an excuse for doing nothing to improve the attitude. Great Britain, it is true, was a pioneer in humane legislation, but several countries have now outstripped us. The docking of horses is forbidden in the city of Adelaide; Malta forbids the bearing rein, as well as the cropping of dogs' ears.

In Switzerland, ritual slaughter is forbidden—a reform strongly urged by the R.S.P.C.A. Animals ritually slaughtered are not pre-stunned, so that they do not benefit from the legislation making humane slaughter compulsory.

As Britons, we cannot preen ourselves on the conditions of non-ritual slaughter. Present-day restrictions on building compel the authorities to use slaughter houses that are admitted by them to be inadequate. We recently had two children before a Juvenile Court for killing cats; the mother of one said that he had learnt to be cruel by watching slaughtermen at work. Children are forbidden entry into slaughter houses, but the bad design of these buildings makes them into peep-shows for impressionable youngsters.

Reports received from 200 R.S.P.C.A. Inspectors throughout the country convince us that there is still too much cruelty in markets and in the handling of animals generally.

That instrument of torture the steel-toothed trap can now be consigned to museums with the steel spurs of fighting cocks. In 1947, the R.S.P.C.A. awarded its £300 prize for a humane substitute to Mr. F. E. Sawyer, a West Country water bailiff. Extensive tests have proved the efficiency and humanity of the R.S.P.C.A. Sawyer trap. It is designed for setting only in rabbit holes, where it kills instantly. This Society is now urging upon the Government the universal adoption of the trap. The Minister of Agriculture has already been so impressed that he has had a limited quantity of steel allocated for the production of the trap, and we ask for public support to urge its exclusive use.

Given adequate support, this Society can once again place Great Britain in the van of the movement for the kind treatment of all animals.

ARTHUR W. MOSS
Chief Secretary.

Royal Society for the Prevention of
Cruelty to Animals,
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ATOMIC ENERGY

SIR,—You have gone to some pains to defend Professor Blackett from the unreasoned assault by Mr. Frederick Osborn, the U.S. representative on the Atomic Energy Commission. All the same, there are some things in *Military and Political Consequences of Atomic Energy* which are difficult to understand. On page 53, for instance, the author says: "The development of airborne radar has made the night fighter nearly as efficient as the day fighter." Mr. Blackett quotes neither facts nor statistics in support of this rather surprising statement. Then again, he gives a table of German aircraft production showing that Germany produced nearly 40,000 aircraft in 1944 compared with 25,000 in 1943.

These comparative tables are designed to support his thesis that the bombing of German industry was not really effective. Surely such an eminent scientist should have stressed the vital fact about these comparative figures, viz. that the overwhelming majority of German planes made in 1944 were small single engined Messerschmitt and Focke Wulf fighters taking less than 10,000 man-hours to build while the 1943 figures included a large number of Junkers and Heinkel multi-engined machines which took more than 20,000 man-hours to construct.

I have read Professor Blackett's book with great care and enjoyed it vastly.

ASHER LEE

[Professor Blackett writes: "Wing-Commander Asher Lee has drawn attention to two points where my argument was deficient, mainly I think, through excessive condensation. I admit to having no detailed data on which to compare the efficiency of day and night fighters, but there are figures which show that the average ton rate of American day and British night bombers cannot have been very different during the last years of the war. It is true that day fighters may be more efficient than night fighters in making contact with enemy bombers, but they are at a disadvantage during the actual attack owing to the much greater definite fire power of a close formation of day bombers than of a single night bomber. The complexity of these factors makes it difficult to predict in any given circumstance whether day or night raids will suffer the greater loss of aircraft.

The second point concerns the increase in production of German aircraft in spite of the bombing, about which I commented: (p. 70) 'Part of the rapid increase in German production in the last year of the war was due to increasing concentration on single-engined fighter types, whereas a large part of British production was of four-engined bombers; the total structure weight of British aircraft production remained greater than the German even in 1944.'

It would have been better if I had given more

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RECORD TRADING PROFIT.

The Thirtieth Ordinary General Meeting of the Great Universal Stores, Ltd., was held on January 6th in London. Mr. Isaac Wolfson (Chairman and Managing Director) presiding.

The following is an extract from the chairman's statement circulated with the Report and Accounts:

Your directors are again pleased to be able to place before you a report which, in disclosing the record consolidated trading profit of £2,928,448 will, I feel, be regarded as eminently satisfactory in its clear indication of the continuance of the steady and profitable progress of your company's business that has been proceeding in recent years.

I think it will be agreed that the consolidated balance-sheet provides impressive evidence of the magnitude and strength of the organisation controlled by your company.

The total net Assets amount to £16,123,022, of which £7,133,193 is attributable to the interests of Outside Shareholders in Subsidiary Companies. The balance of £8,989,829 represents the net interest of The Great Universal Stores Limited in the Group as a whole. This amount of £8,989,829 is made up as to Issued Preference Capital of £2,250,000 and Issued Ordinary Capital as at the date of the Balance-Sheet of £1,120,607, a grand total of £3,370,607 Issued Capital, together with total reserves amounting to no less than £5,619,222.

The consolidated profit and loss account discloses a combined trading profit for the period of £2,928,448. After adding to the above dividends and interest received £55,967, profit on sale of investments £4,632, and interest on war damage claims £9,535, the total revenue from all sources is £2,998,582.

The net dividend paid to Ordinary stockholders represents only a fraction over 1d. in the £ of the year's turnover of the Group. Such a modest distribution to stockholders therefore represents an infinitesimal part of the cost of goods to consumers and is small recompense for the risks of investment in these uncertain times. In view of the results shown your board would have been fully justified in recommending an increased dividend, but in accordance with the Chancellor of the Exchequer's call for dividend limitation, we are only recommending a final dividend on the Ordinary stock of 27½ per cent., less tax, which makes the total dividend for the year 40 per cent., less tax, as for the previous year.

GENERAL REVIEW.

The year under review was not an easy one for distributive businesses with the continuing trend towards reduced margins and increased operating costs. These difficulties were also aggravated by economic uncertainties and the controls upon so many aspects of business activity which continually militated against natural development of trade and the normal expansion of demand for consumer goods. I cannot claim that we have overcome all the difficulties which have been presented to us, but I do believe that we have achieved something more than average success, a claim which, I think, is borne out by the record turnover, and profit for the year.

We are determined to be among the forerunners in reducing prices and increasing values to consumers.

Our export division continues to make steady progress and I hope that during the present year our activities in this direction will be considerably extended.

I am glad to be able to tell you that the turnover and profits of the Group for the current year to date are in excess of the same period last year.

The Report was adopted.

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detailed figures for Kaldor's article. These are given below for the two years 1942 and 1944.

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	Germany	U.K.	Germany	U.K.
Fighter	5,200	9,800	28,900	10,500
Bomber	6,500	6,300	6,500	8,100
Other	3,000	7,500	4,200	7,900
Total	14,700	23,600	39,600	26,500

The figures show that, in spite of the increasing concentration on fighters, the total structural weight of German aircraft increased by 90% whereas that of British aircraft only 60%. During these three years, 1942 to 1944, 760,000 tons of bombs were dropped on Germany."—ED., *N.S.&N.*]

DEFECTIVE CHILDREN

SIR,—Mr. Anthony thinks that my estimate of the number of defective children is exaggerated. There is no accepted definition of mental defect. I agree that mental retardation is not identical with educational retardation, since the latter term includes some children whose retardation is due, at least in part, to other causes such as serious emotional disturbance. These latter would perhaps aggregate a twentieth part of the estimated 10 per cent of all children who are "educationally subnormal" and for whom the Ministry of Education advises local education authorities to make special provision (see "Special Educational Treatment," H.M.S.O., 1946).

The intelligence test is not an instrument of precision, since it ignores "wisdom," but it is the best measure of intelligence we possess. I agree that 90 per cent of normal as a figure for the upper limit of mental retardation is arbitrary; the Ministry of Education uses three approximate categories of defect, i.e. Intelligence Quotient less than 55 p.c. (either "ineducable" or fit only for institutional care); I.Q. 55-70, fit only for special schools; and I.Q. 70 plus, the "less seriously retarded," fit for special classes in the ordinary schools, the latter group including, in the words of Carmichael (*Manual of Child Psychology*), a "moron degree of mental deficiency" which "overlaps the lower range of dull normality."

The report of the Wood Committee of 1929, which is the most authoritative statement on the incidence of mental defect in this country, found 1.2 per cent of feeble minded and low-grade defectives in the whole population, and 1.36 per cent among children, and designated these as requiring "institutional or community care." This estimate, to quote Carmichael again, was based on a "minimum standard of detection." Ascertainment, even in the schools, is still very imperfect, and was in 1929 even more so; for the age group 1-5 years, there is no formal attempt at ascertainment.

My own estimate of 2 per cent of all children as coming within this category of requiring institutional or community care is not, I believe, an exaggeration. The incidence varies according to communities: for example, army recruitment rejects in the U.S.A. for mental defect varied in 1920 between 1 and 3 per cent in the different states of the Union. The gross figure may be argued, but whether we regard it as being nearer 1 per cent or 2 per cent (Mr. Anthony's own estimate of 4 per 1,000 is at least an exaggeration by diminution), the outstanding problem remains that provision for those who by reason of defective intelligence are unable to lead independent lives, is extremely inadequate. Blacker (*Neurosis and the Mental Health Services*, 1946) estimates that 100,000 places in institutions are required for defectives, of which 46,000 (of all types) exist. The Board of Control consider provision "seriously inadequate" and recommend 2,500 beds per million of population.

As a children's physician I am faced almost every week with the responsibility of informing the parents of young children of the fact of serious mental defect and of helping them and the child to the best solution. I have seen this problem at first hand for 25 years and my opinion is quite settled that it is only rarely wise for a child with serious mental defect to remain with his family. The good institution or home can give a social life and occupation which offer the child a better opportunity for happiness among contemporaries with his own limited capacity. If the parents are sensitive people, the contrast between their expectations and the reality is constantly before their minds; they are often elderly at the time of the birth, and even if the victim is an only child who can receive the whole devotion of his father and mother, he will grow to be an adult for whom the impossibility of independent life must eventually mean separation as his parents grow older. The best solution for each child must be found individually and depend upon economic status, the emotional attitude of parents, their age, the welfare of other children, etc., but always there is the problem of the distant future and the difficulty of sheltered adult life outside a special community. A good institution can provide life-long support and as full a life as the child can hope to achieve.

I find it impossible to believe that a delicate and intense emotional relationship is ever established by a child of low-grade intelligence, and consider it misleadingly sentimental to think otherwise. For most families early separation is the best solution, and we owe to parents an honest estimate of the future.

DUNCAN LEYS

MARKET IN LAND

SIR,—Mr. Michael Becker puts forward in his letter an interesting hypothetical case and asks for an answer in regard to it.

The cottage of his dreams would be situated near a village, on a South slope, with a stream near and woods behind. The point to observe is that all these advantages are comprised in the development value of the site and will be reflected in the development charge. He would be defeating the purpose of the Act if he paid on a purchase for these advantages knowing full well that he would have to pay for them over again in the development charge. He would also be acting extravagantly in doing so.

The only factor he mentions which is not comprised in the development value is his private sentimental associations with the village, and this is not a factor which planning legislation can be expected to deal with. He would, in my view, not be defeating the purpose of the Act by paying something in excess of the existing use value because of these sentimental associations, provided the excess was not so substantial as to have an inflationary effect upon the value of neighbouring sites.

A. J. IRVINE

House of Commons, London, S.W.1.

NATIONAL SERVICE

SIR,—A. R. Harris deplores the waste of time entailed by National Military Service. Since conscription is one of the admitted evils of our time, surely much could be done to make the time spent in the Services of more value to the individual and the community.

The tendency is for the public to regard military service as a period of foot slogging and potato peeling in the Bruce Bairnsfather tradition. This idea, however, is far from the truth. In this mechanical and scientific age thousands of National Service men in all three services must be given technical courses to enable them to use and maintain equipment which has its counterpart in civilian life, such as motor transport, wireless telegraphy, radar, aeroplanes and ships.

In such cases would it not be possible for Service departments to collaborate with engineering firms and the appropriate trade unions, so that such technical employment in the service could be recognised as part of an apprenticeship in a trade, especially so where apprenticeships have already started? The young men affected, when returned to civil life, would be classified in trades to the satisfaction of employers, trade unions and the Ministry of Labour, so that the community would benefit.

F. E. JACKSON

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AUSTRIAN SOCIALISTS

SIR,—Mr. Hangermann bases his doubts in the democratic character of the Austrian Socialist movement on two "incidents." Please allow me to dispel his apprehensions:

1. Erwin Scharf, the former General Secretary of the Party, was expelled for having published, in a pamphlet, confidential documents from the party archives. This decision was confirmed by the Congress of the Party by all votes against one. I don't think that any political party in the world would have acted otherwise.
2. It is a rather fantastic charge that the "Marshall Aid agreement, which affects Austria's economy considerably" was signed without the Austrian Parliament having had an opportunity for a debate on it. The *agreement* in question, as such, does not affect Austria's economy at all (literally the same agreement was concluded between the United States and the United Kingdom) and it is common knowledge that contrary to the propaganda poured out by the Communists, no political strings are attached to Marshall Aid.

Between April 3 and October 31, 1948, goods to the value of $130 million were shipped by E.C.A. to Austria, e.g., food, raw materials, machinery, etc. On November 29, E.C.A. approved the use of $4,300,000 of its funds for the construction of a modern blooming-mill in Austria. Through Marshall Aid Austria was able to get coal from Poland and super-phosphate from Czechoslovakia. Until now the Russians starved the Austrians and the Americans fed them, the Russians looted Austria and the Americans helped her to recover and to rebuild her economy. It is true that this state of affairs is not very convenient from the point of view of Socialist propaganda and may adversely affect the Socialist vote, but this is by no means the fault of the Austrian Socialists. LEONORE ORR

21 Old Manor Court,
Abbey Road, N.W.8.

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

INDONESIA

SIR,—I should like to endorse your criticisms of the attitude of the British delegate on the Security Council when Netherlands action in Indonesia was discussed. Who was responsible for giving him his instructions? If he acted under the directions of Mr. Bevin, I can only say that, following Britain's support of South Africa, the effect has been to encourage the people of Asia and Africa to lose faith in the sincerity of our anti-imperialism and to turn towards Russia. This is particularly disappointing after the Labour Government's fine beginning by its enlightened policy towards India and Burma.

In these circumstances it is important that British Socialists should demonstrate their support of the Indonesian Republic. An opportunity arises next Sunday, when representatives of all the Asiatic and African communities in London will meet in Hyde Park at 2.30 p.m., proceed to the Netherlands Embassy to present a memorial of protest, and then go on to Dennison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, where at 3.30 p.m. their representatives, together with a representative of Indonesia, will speak. I am glad to say that Harold J. Laski will speak for British Socialists and I hope that many others will indicate their solidarity by coming both to Hyde Park and Dennison House. FENNER BROCKWAY,

Chairman of the Congress of Peoples Against Imperialism.

8 Hillside Gardens, N.6.

TRUCE IN GREECE

SIR,—Greece has need of another Byron. Baffled by the Western Governments' misconception of the real issues on which the civil war is being fought—not for Communism but for social justice—Greek Moderates are looking to democrats in the West for a lively sympathy with their movement to form an alternative Government when the present bolstered Administration collapses. There are many like Miss Muriel Pascoe, whose recent letter to you was spirited and timely, who are ready to break a lance for the Greek people. If they joined their efforts, as their forbears did 120 years ago, perhaps even the United Nations would realise that the civil war is not a matter of domestic jurisdiction, but an ever-present peril to the peace of Europe. The Union of Democratic Control's action was inspiring and reverberated throughout Greece. Although their request for mediation was rejected, the fact that it was made has had a deep effect on the determination of the Greek moderates to go forward with their task.

15 New Street, E.C.2. E. H. ATHANASSOGLOU

SIR,—Allow me to correct some inaccuracies in the account of the case of Captain Thomas Venetsanopoulos published in your issue of January 1st, 1949.

It is not true that Captain Venetsanopoulos, a former gendarmerie officer, was discharged on the grounds that he deserted and joined the Resistance during the occupation. Needless to say, no Greek officer would be penalised for such an act, whatever unscrupulous propaganda may assert to the contrary.

Captain Venetsanopoulos, while serving with the Communist E.L.A.S., both during the occupation and after the liberation, committed a number of criminal acts which would be punishable under Common Law in any country. Thus, in December, 1943, he was responsible for the torturing and execution of a priest, George Zois, of the village of Mitsitsa (Arta), solely because the latter had three sons serving with Nationalist Resistance groups. During the Communist outbreak of December, 1944, Venetsanopoulos, who commanded the Communist Civil Guard at Salonika, arrested a large number of his former colleagues in the gendarmerie, some of whom were executed and others maltreated or abducted as hostages. Venetsanopoulos was found guilty of all these charges by the Gendarmerie Courts of Enquiry of First and Second Instance set up by the Sofoulis Liberal Administration of 1945 and was duly discharged from the force. In 1947 he was sentenced to deportation to an island as being dangerous to public security. He is now on trial for subversive activities in which he engaged in favour of the rebels.

There has been a systematic attempt to deceive public opinion abroad by representing him as a hero of the Resistance during the occupation. As a matter of fact, his record was very far from justifying such a title. A. A. PALLIS

Greek Government Dept. of Information,
34 Hyde Park Square, London, W.2.

SATIRICAL VERSE

SIR,—When Mr. Monchard Bishop says that with the *Anti-Jacobin* "for good or bad, the age of political satire was over" he is a little unjust to a number of satirists less celebrated than the authors of the *Anti-Jacobin*, but not all less deserving. Political verse satire occurs more or less in nearly all the "poets of all work" of the first third of the nineteenth century—in Moore, in Hood, in Landor, in Byron, in many other less celebrated writers. The most delicate satire in the language belongs to a period half a century, nearly, after the first publication of the *Anti-Jacobin*, in that superb series of political poems by Praed whose finest exemplar is the incomparable *Stanzas on Seeing the Speaker Asleep*.

KENNETH HOPKINS

104 Cambridge Gardens, W.10.

SHAKESPEAREAN BILLIARDS

SIR,—In your issue of January 8th, 1949, under the heading "Sunday and the Common Informer," Mr. C. H. Rolph states that billiards was "unknown in 1625." But William Shakespeare died in 1616 and in his "Antony and Cleopatra," Act II, Scene V, Cleopatra says: "Let it alone; let's to billiards: come, Charmian." JOHN D. BROADBENT

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JONATHAN CAPE

BOOKS IN GENERAL

ONE of the foibles of the puritanical mind is that it inclines to argue with the Lord rather than to praise Him; but it prefers to ferret out the Devil. Hence an obsession with the errors of other sects, which the believer surveys from cantankerous crags of self-righteousness and little hillocks of snobbery on his ever-upward way. Such a Gospel Hall air has been noted before in the literary criticism of Dr. Leavis; all outside the chapel were "light and chaffy" members, to be ground down by a prose that dragged along in the tuneless and often incomprehensible groan of the chapel harmonium. But to say this means merely that Dr. Leavis is an unattractive critic; and that does not prevent him from being, in many ways, an excellent one. Narrowness has made him penetrating; puritanism has made him diligent if humourless; zeal has made him exacting if presumptuous. In his volume of collected essays on the English novel* he has something important to say.

The purpose of these essays is to define and examine what Dr. Leavis calls "the great tradition" in the English novel and in the present deliquescence of that form of writing, it is perhaps urgent to establish a canon. For Dr. Leavis, the line runs from Jane Austen, through George Eliot, Henry James, Conrad to D. H. Lawrence. When Dr. Leavis pronounces a text, and sorts out the sheep from the goats, he sounds a good deal more drastic and more snobbish than he really is, for he is in fact full of reading and argument; he discards the sinners but he has enjoyed them. Out goes, then, the whole of the eighteenth-century novel into literary history. Those writers have nothing to teach us and surely we ought to be taught? Scott is a mere folklorist who wrote two good short stories. Charlotte Brontë (reduced to a footnote) wrote in *Villette* an interesting book about a personal experience. Emily is a "sport"—it seems to me that a scheme which cannot provide a place for *Wuthering Heights*, indicates a weakness in the schematic approach to the novel. I remember other sectaries, the Marxists, have had the same difficulty with *Wuthering Heights*—Mrs. Gaskell, Thackeray, Trollope, Hardy and Meredith go with the rest. Honourable writers, they contribute nothing and have been over-rated. Dickens is another difficulty; but it is soon solved. He was an entertainer of genius and we do not—though perhaps we privately wish we did—go in for entertainment at the chapel. We must leave the Russians to see more in Dickens than there really is. If he puts on his drabbest suit—*Hard Times*—he can be admitted for the sermon.

That approximately is where Dr. Leavis makes his stand, truculently, of course, intending to provoke and to wake up the dozing congregation. From the choice of names, we understand that the great tradition is intellectual rather than humanist. The novelist "must be controlled throughout to a unifying and organising significance." He will be concerned with form—plot is not form—he will be very original technically. This will not align him with Flaubert who disdains life, for the novelist must have a vital capacity for experience, a kind of reverent openness before life and a marked moral intensity. George Eliot in *Middlemarch* and in that half of *Daniel Deronda* which is given to Gwendolen Harleth, James in *Portrait of a Lady*, Conrad in *Nostromo*, in the unfogged passages of *Heart of Darkness* and—a peculiar choice—*The Secret Agent*, would belong to this order of writing. These novels enlarge our moral interests, they stretch their characters to the limit of their spiritual development and exhaust their complexity; they intensify the inner life by a focusing, and, above all, a "placing," that are not to be found in the picaresque novels of the eighteenth century or the sociabilities of the nineteenth. Jane Austen, a delicate and ambiguous case in the argument is, regrettably, left out for a longer study which I shall eagerly await.

It seems to me that Dr. Leavis is justified in insisting on his great tradition at the present time, not because it is the great tradition but because the other tradition is bankrupt. It has lost its verve and nonchalance; it has lost its power of narrative. (This is an element I find scarcely mentioned in Dr. Leavis's book, though I gather from the down-grading of *Moll Flanders*, that it is a quality he would disdain: prose is not his pleasure and illusion strikes him as worldly. He will have trouble with Jane Austen there.) But the fatal losses of what we must call the sociable, extraverted and humanist tradition, are the power to create new characters from life and the once vital capacity to make social judgments. This decline has gone with the loss of confidence. What are called "the great characters," the exaggerations of the English novelists, are themselves the projections of an inner life; they are attempts to portray not character, but human nature, attempts which come naturally to a new and stable society whose moral judgment was "the opinion of the world." I do not believe that the judgments of Fielding were less fertile, as far as the novel was concerned, because they were sagacious. If they seem less fertile today, it is because the world has lost its opinion. The only objection I have to Dr. Leavis's general judgment is that it does not save him from defects of taste. The dismissal of *Tristram Shandy*, the failure to appreciate the high spirit of *Jonathan Wild*, the notion that the comic writing of Dickens is pure entertainment albeit of genius—and that begs a question—seems to show that some doors have been rather fussily banged. And when, in deference to Dr. Leavis, I read *The Secret Agent* again this week, I was perturbed to see that a novel "organised," "significant" and "aware," could be vitiated by that personal, perfunctory, hang-dog contempt which Conrad not infrequently mistook for the intimations of the role of Destiny in human affairs.

Reiteration is naturally part of the method of a critic who sifts his texts as finely as Dr. Leavis does. The long examinations of George Eliot are impressive; the essay on Henry James is pointed and shows a happy freedom from that kind of critical trance into which the addicted Jamesians so easily fall. George Eliot's reputation is now higher than that of any other Victorian and Dr. Leavis is concerned to put her pre-eminence on a consistent basis. Deferentially, he sets out to qualify the criticism of Henry James, that George Eliot proceeds from the abstract to the concrete, "that her figures and situations are evolved, as the phrase is, from her moral consciousness, and are only indirectly the products of observation." We are not now especially troubled by the Westminster reviewer in her work but as Dr. Leavis says, we are struck rather by "an emotional quality . . . the direct (and sometimes embarrassing) presence of the author's personal need." That kind of need she was able to enact dramatically in her novels when it existed in characters very different from herself, and indeed she enlarged character, as had not been done before in the English novel, by displaying the decisive part played by aspiration and belief in driving and containing the lives of men and women. Her novels are organised by a powerful and unique sense of law which has been evolved from an ardent experience of life. No novelist has so completely caught the serious climate of English living, so that satire itself is uttered only to be checked and corrected by the truth of experience, and her people stand weathered in their scene with their native mildness and obstinacy. For they are not only situated in their class and their family life, their locality, their personal dilemma—Lydgate getting into debt, Casaubon getting married too late in life, Gwendolen Harleth gambling on a rich marriage—but are reconsidered in their spiritual categories. We know that Lydgate is a clever doctor, we know that he is a flirtatious man, but we relate these things to his place in his profession, and the exact quality of his intellect. Casaubon's life as a scholar is as dramatically understood as his life as a crabbed husband turned by impotence and envy into a fiend. George Eliot's power of classification was warmed by a wide, worldly knowledge; the comparison with Balzac is inevitable. The peril came from her own self-indulgent day-dreams:

> It is certainly her strength as a novelist to have a noble and ardent nature—it is a condition of that maturity which makes her so much greater an artist than Flaubert. What she says of Dorothea might have been said of herself:
>
> 'Permanent rebellion, the disorder of a life without some loving reverent resolve, was not possible to her.'
>
> But that she says it of Dorothea must make us aware how far from a simple trait it is we are considering, and how readily the proposition can slide into such another as this:
>
> 'No life would have been possible for Dorothea that was not filled with emotion.'
>
> Strength, and complacent readiness to yield to temptation—they are not at all the same thing; but we see how insidiously, in George Eliot, they are related . . . the emotional 'fullness' represented by Dorothea depends for its exalting potency on an abeyance of intelligence and self-knowledge, and the situations offered by way of 'objective correlative' have the day-dream relation to experience; they are generated by a need to soar above the indocile facts and conditions of the real world. They don't, indeed, strike us as real in any sense; they have no objectivity, no vigour of illusion. In this kind of indulgence, complaisantly as she abandons herself to the current that is loosed, George Eliot's creative vitality has no part.

Where Dr. Leavis brings out George Eliot's observation of life to the full is in the absorbing comparison of the Gwendolen Harleth part of *Daniel Deronda* with Henry James's *Portrait of a Lady*. And since Dr. Leavis regards *Portrait of a Lady* as one of the nearly perfect instances of the great tradition, the following passage is worth quoting:

> Henry James's presentment of what is essentially the same world is seen, in the comparison, to have entailed much excluding and simplifying. His is a subtle art, and he has his irony: but the irony doesn't mean inclusiveness—an adequacy to the complexities of the real in its concrete fullness: it doesn't mark a complex valuing process that has for upshot a total attitude in which all the elements of a full response are brought together. His art (in presenting this world in *Portrait of a Lady*, I mean) seems to leave out all such perceptions as evoke the tone and facial expressions with which we register the astringent and the unpalatable. The irony is part of the subtlety of the art by which, while being so warmly concrete in effect, he can, without challenge, be so limited and selective and, what is an essential condition of his selectiveness, so lacking in specificity compared with George Eliot. His world of 'best society' and country-house is, for all its life and charm, immeasurably less real (the word has a plain enough force here, and will bear pondering) than George Eliot's. He idealises, and his idealising is a matter of not seeing, and not knowing (or not taking into account) a great deal of the reality. And it seems to me that we have essentially this kind of idealising in his Isabel Archer; she stands to Gwendolen Harleth as James's 'best society' does to George Eliot's.

I have not the space to go into Dr. Leavis's subtle and searching pages on Conrad, on the Dickens of *Hard Times* or on Henry James. The last have flashes of salutary correction which one feels all the more need of after the *Notebooks*, and Dr. Leavis pleases me by being an early Jamesian.

> Being a novelist came to be too large a part of his living; that is he did not live enough.

And:

> Essentially he was in quest of an ideal society, an ideal civilisation. And English society, he had to recognise as he lived into it, could not after all offer him any sustaining approximation to his ideal. So we find him developing into something like a paradoxical kind of recluse, a recluse living in the midst of society.

From the days of Brook Farm it was the American quest. One thinks of him as a Transcendentalist transposed. V. S. PRITCHETT

* *The Great Tradition.* By F. R. LEAVIS. *Chatto & Windus.* 12s. 6d.

TITANIC FAILURE

The Life and Death of Benjamin Robert Haydon. By ERIC GEORGE. *Oxford University Press.* 21s.

Nothing in the fantastic history of Benjamin Robert Haydon is queerer than one's own indifference on the main point. Was he a neglected genius? Have his pictures any real merit? In reason, that should be settled first of all. And if he just couldn't paint, his life and death, his exaltations and agonies should become a tragic farce; one ought to see him as the frog that swelled up and burst. But not at all; it is extremely easy to suspend judgment, and in fact one doesn't care if the immortal works were all bad. Their creator comes through as a titan in any case, as Neglected Genius in the grand style.

And after all, admitting all the anguish of his decline—the sickening anxieties, the humiliations, the "agonies of racked ambition," the frantic suicide—he excites less pain than envy. He had had everything. Genius, to begin with—or the sense of genius, it makes no odds. In youth "his whole frame convulsed" at the idea of being a great painter. Therefore he was going to be one. His parents argued; his relatives attacked *en masse*. And then he lost his sight, which never fully returned. "It would have been quite natural," as he conceded forty years later, "for an ordinary mind to think blindness a sufficient obstacle"—but Haydon was unperturbed. He simply banged his parents tame, and took to three pairs of spectacles.

Thus at eighteen, enjoying "his own proud will," he set out from Plymouth to add a last jewel to England's crown. For his aim was not mere self-aggrandisement. In his view, what the country lacked—indeed, all it lacked—was an inspired "history-painter," a Napoleon of the brush; so he would devote himself. And very soon a lady "of the highest rank" was assuring him: "We look to you, Mr. Haydon, to revive the Art."

That siren voice was not raised alone. At the dawn of his career he not only felt a genius, he tasted all the sweets of glory. The world accepted him before he had done a thing. Patrons commissioned him on trust; his painting-room was thronged with "rank, beauty and fashion," and the women whispered, "He himself has an antique head." Of course the antique head began to turn. No one could do Haydon justice in his own eyes, and at the least slight, or mere suspicion of a slight, he would embark on some fatal feud. Besides, his pictures were too big. They took him years to paint, they cost him thousands, and after all they proved a drug on the market. Yet those sublime products of his youth—the *Lazarus*, the *Solomon*, the *Entry into Jerusalem*—though they began to ruin him financially, had a huge success; they attracted multitudes, and awed all classes, from the connoisseur to the working man. Meanwhile the artist was hobnobbing with the best people—to name a few, with Keats, Wordsworth, Hazlitt, Lamb; himself not least, but honoured of them all. And how he relished their company, what exuberance and flavour he must have added, his journals show.

Then there were the silent hours on which he came to look back nostalgically: hours of musing on the current masterpiece.

> There was something grand, something poetical, something touching, something inspiring, something heroic, something mysterious, something awful in pacing your quiet painting-room after midnight, with a work lifted up on a gigantic easel, glimmering by the trembling light of a solitary candle, "when the whole world seemed adverse to desert." There was something truly poetical in devoting yourself to what the vulgar dared not touch—holding converse with the Great Spirit.

Haydon was always miserable without a year-long task, on which he could muse; but with that support—and in his palmy days he would attempt nothing less—he relished even failure and desperation as something to get his teeth into. Whenever one huge canvas let him down he ordered a bigger one. And before every act of folly he could hear the Great Spirit saying "Go on!" Haydon was not surprised at this advice, for he knew the precedents; he thought of Cortez, for one: "Perhaps as remarkable an instance of decision of character as ever existed, always relieving himself from apparent ruin by attempts which would have been more ruinous, if unsuccessful, than the situations he got out of by their success."

That was Haydon's line exactly. And though with him it did not turn out so well, one must admit he had received strange encouragement from almost all who came near him.

> Think of my influence with my species [he ejaculates] to induce them to trust me for papers, canvas, chalk, labour, rent, models, to get collectors to pay my taxes and landlords to abstain from rent; but I always show them my work, and they acquiesce. I then work away in ecstasy till some other dun comes, who is shown in, and equally vanquished. . . . But it is not *my* influence. It is not *human*.

Yes, he did secure a very long run. But he was destined to have everything, and that included an ideal marriage, with a lovely wife whom he adored. She was a widow with two small boys. More children came, and more. Haydon sank to pot-boiling—too late; it wrecked his peace and could not save him financially. These are some reflections of the tender husband and father:

> I am utterly abroad in mind, occupied with a continuity of daily trifles; in the evening I have no abstract idea or expression of character to muse on till the next day. I leave off wearied and commence in disgust. I candidly confess I find my glorious art a bore. . . . Alas! I have no object in life now but my wife and children, and almost wish I had not them, that I might sit still and meditate on human ambition and human grandeur till I died.

He was not yet forty, and had to face another twenty years of racking vicissitudes—with Haydon-Cortez cropping up to the very last. But with his genius, if we are to grant him genius, it was all over.

Still, the *Autobiography* and journals remain; and they seem enough. It has been said that writing was his true vocation—that he ought to have been a novelist; but would his novels have been better, or half so good? I doubt it very much. This romantic melodrama is beyond art. Its fevered changes of temperature, its many branches and surprises, its wealth of comedy, its unrelenting progress beat all invention. The personalities and social incidents could be no more vivid—to say the least—if they were made up. As for the central figure, he was not subtle, yet half a dozen characters in fiction might be carved out of him. On his "embarrassments" he can remind one of both Micawbers rolled into one. At other points there is a strong and conscious affinity with Dr. Johnson—Johnson the hypochondriac, the self-reproving. And that is leaving Haydon-Cortez, Haydon the new Raphael, Haydon the romantic snob, Haydon the John Bull, and many other facets out of account. It is the great merit of Mr. George's book that, as far as possible, he shows every one. He really does, on a reduced scale, tell the whole story, quoting the letters and journals where he can, and only dropping them to fill in the narrative or give a rounder view of the situation. I think he tends to lecture Haydon too much; if so it is his only fault, and it is not done from want of sympathy.

The reproductions at the end are a vast addition. Not for the light they ought to throw upon Haydon's talent; somehow one can't examine them from that point of view. One simply likes to know what he mused over. K. JOHN

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DETECTION AND THRILLERS

Taken at the Flood. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. *Collins.* 8s. 6d.
Time for Tea. By JOHN COATES. *Methuen.* 9s. 6d.
Over the Garden Wall. By CAROL CARNAC. *Macdonald.* 8s. 6d.
The House of Cobwebs. By MARY REISNER. *Methuen.* 9s. 6d.
Saving a Rope. By H. C. BAILEY. *Macdonald.* 8s. 6d.
Sorry, Wrong Number. By ALLAN ULLMAN and LUCILLE FLETCHER. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
The Tongue-tied Canary. By NICOLAS BENTLEY. *Michael Joseph.* 8s. 6d.
Fear No More. By LESLIE EDGLEY. *Arthur Barker.* 7s. 6d.
The Midnight Reader. Edited by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN. *John Lane.* 10s. 6d.

A good detective story should be like a good bull-fight. The reader charges up and down distracted by the red herring until exhausted, when the author plunges the unexpected explanation into him like a sword—the moment of truth, as the Spaniards call it. From the bull's point of view the object of the performance is simply to get at the author before the author gets at you. The author has a more delicate role. He must give the reader a chance to get at the man but take care that he only reaches the cloak: and the closer he allows you to brush past, the better the author. The slightest miscalculation, however, may be fatal. No wonder so many authors lose their nerve, trail their capes far afield, jump the barriers of common-sense, and finally assassinate their readers with a feeble poke at the seat of intelligence. These bunglers retire hooted with derision; but they survive the ordeal to write their next book. My simile is suggested by the welcome reappearance in the arena of that formidable *espada*, Mrs. Christie, who passes the bulls closer to her chest than any other living writer.

The plot of *Taken at the Flood* cannot be summarised without betraying secrets. The title implies that one of the characters makes the most of a heaven-sent opportunity—and that is all readers deserve to know beforehand. From the first page you plunge into a fever of expectation and a rapture of bewilderment. You feel the misleading hints, at which Mrs. Christie is so adept, at their stealthy work, gently nudging in some wrong direction. In self-defence you quickly suspect all the pretty girls, and then all the handsome young men, while still ignorant of what crimes lie ahead. Then comes one false move; and the exquisite tension relaxes. The lapse is unimportant in itself, it gives away nothing inevitable, but it shakes our confidence. Mrs. Christie makes Poirot overlook something so obvious that until he catches up with our superior knowledge many pages later we are kept drumming our heels with impatience. The error in timing robs *Taken at the Flood* of the perfection we anticipated: and the rather arbitrary solution is not one of our lady's best. The book must be regretfully consigned to the middle of the Christie shelf.

Time for Tea has everything to recommend it bar the detection. The author is intelligent, the dialogue brilliant and the love-making highly sophisticated. The crime is hardly worth bothering about except from a sense of duty. But there is a villain to spot; and that can serve as an excuse for detective fans to read their houseparty murder written in decent English for a change.

Over the Garden Wall has the merit of conscientious workmanship and a sound plot. But the method of deception is not unfamiliar: it will soon become established as the Carol Carnac gambit, and any reader who accepts it will have only himself to blame.

Miss Reisner uses the cosy American style with much sympathy lavished on all her characters. In such congenial company villains have a habit of proclaiming themselves by the lack of halo round their heads. Experienced readers will relax with their feet up while the charming hero of *The House of Cobwebs* is suspected of murdering his hateful wife; and smile at the ensuing family hullabaloo. But they will cock a wary eye at the door, whenever an unassuming stranger pokes his head in. And, sure enough, here comes the fellow we are waiting for!

The scene of *Saving a Rope* is the Lake District, where a headless skeleton is found on the fells; and Reggie Fortune, by dint of puffing up and down dale and clipping his sentences worse than ever, cajoles some refractory evidence to exude a solution. Accompanying Reggie is one of the most unrewarding experiences in detection. He makes the same noise whatever he is doing; coming, or going, or simply at a standstill. And a restless, popping noise it is, like that of an antiquated car missing on one or two cylinders.

Sorry Wrong Number has been a famous little thriller on the radio in the United States. A young woman trying to ring up her husband gets a crossed line on the telephone and overhears the plans for a murder. The reader may need five minutes to realise who is going to murder whom; but the young lady requires 116 pages of exquisite suspense.

The Tongue-tied Canary belongs to the counter-espionage type of thriller that has followed in the wake of *The Thirty-Nine Steps* for the last thirty years. The plot is trite enough, with a Nazi Youth organisation substituted for spies; but Mr. Nicolas Bentley's confident manner and humorous improvisations redeem the story from complete ineptitude.

Leslie Edgley is an author to remember, although I have never heard of her, or him, before. *Fear No More* opens sedately with a young woman taking the night train for San Francisco with a sealed envelope on behalf of her employer. But from the moment she enters her reserved compartment and finds the body of a stranger slumped in her seat, normality is shivered to pieces and the unaccountable takes charge. You almost doubt whether the author can ever make sense of such improbable events. Yet the *dénouement* finds a good reason for everything. As a thriller which really thrills *Fear No More* is hard to beat.

The Midnight Reader is a well-chosen compendium of fifteen ghost stories by different authors, concluding inevitably with *The Turn of the Screw*. Mr. Van Doren Stern's preface claims that his tales of the supernatural should make our skins prickle; but that is an excessive response to awake in our exhausted organisms. Nowadays, it is not ghosts that make our flesh creep, but the solid realities that scientists are brewing for us in their laboratories all over the world.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

THE NEW ECONOMICS

The New Economics. Edited by PROFESSOR SEYMOUR E. HARRIS. *Dobson.* 30s.

Professor Harris has produced an untidy repetitive but lively book. It deals not only with Keynes' work but also with his life. Each of the 25 contributors explains his personal approach to Keynes, and this adds a warmth not often found in books on economics. Apart from its length, the chief fault of this collection of essays is that it is aimed at too wide an audience. Only a third of it would be intelligible to laymen. Professional economists will be acquainted with most of the other material. Students, however, will like it

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because it is lucid, up-to-date and informally written. The substance of post-Keynesian criticism is broken down and presented in a readable form. There are few better introductions to Keynes to be found.

It is only twelve years since the publication of *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*, yet it has been assimilated so completely that it is hard for economists brought up on the book to understand how new and shocking it was in 1936. The early reviewers, some of whom are quoted by Professor Harris, saw its threat to *laissez-faire* economics, but passed it off with such judgments as Pigou's "we have watched an artist firing arrows at the moon."

How dangerous it was Professor Schumpeter shows in a brilliant essay, reprinted from the *American Economic Review*. Keynes' attack on thrift in the *General Theory*, he writes, "broke the last pillar of the bourgeois argument." Capitalism was the first system in which men worked for money, not in order to spend on luxury and display, but in order to accumulate and invest. Profit-making was encouraged on the understanding that the money would be saved. Adam Smith had denounced "slothful" merchants and grasping masters, reserving his praise for the virtues of parsimony. Instead of spending their money on art and conspicuous waste, the rich invested it in factories and railways. They baked cakes, as Keynes said, in order not to eat them. In an expanding economy, the accent on saving was right. If society had not been swept by a mania of thrift, the railways could never have been built—they required labour and iron which, had spending been unchecked, would have gone into pots and pans.

Civilisations sometimes have an instinct of self-preservation. Perhaps the main achievement of Soviet Communism has been to inspire a bone-lazy and indulgent people with the will to work and save. The characters of Turgenev have been seized with an enthusiasm for dams. But once the dams and railways have been built, saving can be harmful to society. Keynes saw this and proved it to the satisfaction of academic economists. It sounded sense to politicians, officials and the man in the street as well. Keynes showed that an act of saving does not necessarily lead to a corresponding act of investment, and that saving can destroy real wealth by causing depressions which allow old factories to rust and prevent the building of new ones.

The idea that capitalism was breaking down through an overdose of its own philosophy took the stuffing out of its defenders and gave ammunition to the non-Marxist Left. Mr. Sweezy, on the other hand, tries to prove that Marx was superior to Keynes in his analysis of economic change. But most economists still find that Marxist economics is not credible. Professor Sweezy is answered a few pages later by Professor Samuelson's quotation from Keynes: "How can I accept the (Communist) doctrine which sets up as its bible, above and beyond criticism, an obsolete textbook which I know to be not only scientifically erroneous, but without interest or application in the modern world?" This was in 1932; he was more generous to Marx a few years later. *The General Theory* solved the dilemma of many economists of the 'Thirties who disliked capitalism but had not the analytic tools with which to attack it. Yet in the long run Keynes' work has not weakened capitalism but has given it a chance to survive. He has laid down the conditions in which free enterprise can work, and they are not too difficult to create.

The revolution he made in economics as a science is well brought out in Professor Harris's symposium. In the 'Twenties, economists were still analysing a state of affairs that ceased to exist in Europe in August, 1914. Lost in the subtleties of logical deduction from false premises, they prescribed the wrong remedies for the wrong reasons. Keynes brought his science back to simplicity and reality. As a result, economics can now prescribe remedies which are usually right. The greater part of Keynes' contribution holds good to-day. The critics, who are well represented in this book, make a great deal of fuss about the marginal defects of his work. Keynes said many things that were confused, but he stimulated others to make them clear. One line of criticism is that he did not relate his theory to the institutional structure of banking and credit. But he had already written, in the *Treatise on Money*, a detailed and painstaking analysis of the way the system worked in practice, and there was no reason why he should do it over again. Another criticism, well handled by the American economists in this book, is that he assumed the state of industrial technique to be fixed. It is probably true that in America changes in technique are the most important stimulants of revival, and a trade cycle theory that does not take them into account is inadequate. American business men must have the latest gadget. If the man across the way puts in a new machine, they are prepared to scrap their existing factory and do likewise. Investment brought about in this way creates employment. The worst that can be said about Keynes is not that he denied this process, but that writing in a country where it no longer occurred, he emphasised monetary factors, and turned to the State to make investment when business was shy of risk. The sneer at his "economics of depression" is wholly unjustified, for in *How to Pay for the War* he went on to write an economic policy for inflation. More than this, he was called in to put his teaching into practice, and as a result the war was financed at 2½ per cent without inflation. While the emphasis of *The General Theory* was on how to cure depression, its principles were applicable to boom or slump. Could we, before Keynes, have thought in terms of wages catching up with prices, or have understood that an increase in wages is not made at the expense of profits and investment? For the rest, the criticism is terminological, and while the refining of concepts is of value, this academic dust will not cause a sneeze outside the universities.

PETER SOVREN

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Poems, 1943–1947. By C. DAY LEWIS. *Cape.* 6*s.*

The later poetry of Mr. Day Lewis is easy to criticise, but difficult to appraise. There are qualities in it which slip through the fingers of criticism. A reader, when he has taken stock of some rather desultory—and possibly impatient—first impressions, may find himself returning to it with a more humble care, like that of a naturalist, who cannot foresee the moment when bird or butterfly will settle within his range.

I don't know whether bird-watching is an especially English habit. Perhaps there is a feeling that it is—that we have more of such eccentric and dedicated addicts than other countries. These poems have a similar quality of specialised Englishness, and it seems to be this trait in them which is elusive to criticism—and to which the native returns. It has the power to afflict him with a dumb affection, like that felt by an exile for home.

It is not that these poems of Mr. Day Lewis have no more than a sentimental value—but that they have no less than that. Their sentimentality is their strength. And this is a perfectly valid and serious position. There runs through our literature, both poetry and prose, a strain of sentimentality, which crops out with a natural rankness—like valerian growing out of a wall, or

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PERCIVAL MARSHALL

in blitzed foundations. It may be slipshod, jaunty, vulgar, but it is not often arch or pretentious, or false. A kind heart and a quick imagination: these are its roots.

The sentimentality of Mr. Day Lewis is of this sort. And there goes with it, in all his better poems, an orchestration, a natural rhetoric of music and colour, which are of the same source:

> Autumn is here. But see
> With what august forgiveness the rose burns
> Her faithful torch away, and the leaf turns
> Her cheek to winter, and the tree
> Turns the wind's edge with rags of old felicity.

Occasionally in such passages there makes itself felt a distant cousinship with paintings by Turner; in their surprising imprecise lavishness, and in their remaining, in spite of that, so persistently—one might almost say, so provincially—English. His "clarinet airs of early morn," "spillikins of aspen light," and "honeybeams of moonshine," which seem perhaps to have something of a threadbare shine, are in fact only the extravagances of a mode of feeling which is entirely natural to him. When he keeps them in order he can create such a poem as *The Christmas Tree*, delicate and true within this particular mode:

> So feast your eyes now
> On mimic star and moon-cold bauble:
> Worlds may wither unseen,
> But the Christmas Tree is a tree of fable,
> A phoenix in evergreen,
> And the world cannot change or chill what its mysteries mean
> To your hearts and eyes now.
>
> The vision dies now
> Candle by candle: the tree that embraced it
> Returns to its own kind,
> To be earthed again and weather as best it
> May the frost and the wind.
> Children, it too had its hour—you will not mind
> If it lives or dies now.

"My name is—Anon." Thus, in a pleasant phrase, Mr. Day Lewis characterises another poet, Mr. Walter de la Mare. And he himself, at his best, seems to me to be like one of the Anons. of English poetry; a pavement poet, with a squatter's rights and gifts. Unfortunately, although he has discarded most of the cosmopolitan smartee baggage of the Thirties (it was never his style), Mr. Day Lewis has not quite parted with all of it. There are times when he shrinks from acknowledging the distinction and seriousness of his privilege as one of the unprivileged; a laureate of the unimportant occasion. He can remember, all too well, to turn the edge of an emotion with a jaunty quip. And he hasn't shaken off the alarming sense of responsibility before "History," which that period inflicted on its poets.

> Tonight, as flyers stranded
> On a mountain, the battery fading, we tap out
> Into a snow-capped void our weakening
> Vocations and desires.

It is this feeling, I think—even though now the "History" is rather that of his own soul than of the world—which accounts for the strains and the strained unhappiness of many of these later poems. Which makes them, in his own phrase, "five-finger exercises." Often the fingers seem clumsy and tired, and no wonder; since Mr. Day Lewis directs them in the spirit of a man undertaking a painful daily dozen, a self-disciplinary invocation to the spirit of poetry, intended to fit him for, it seems, some much more tremendous future utterance.

> And though my todays are
> Repetitive, dull, disjointed,
> I must continue to practise them over and over
> Like a five-finger exercise,
> Hoping my hands at last will suddenly flower with
> Passion, and harmonize.

But why should there ever be any such thing? Why should so hypothetical a D-Day induce such actual contortions? Mr. Day Lewis can afford to sit down at the keyboard without this tensing of intellectual muscles (other passages in these poems have the same meaning), and play over, untidily, unemphatically, the innumerable variations of his delicate lyrical sense. These are enough to make him an English poet. "*Et tout le reste est littérature.*"

GILES ROMILLY

A CHANGELESS WORLD

Ancient Egyptian Religion. By H. FRANKFORT. *Oxford University Press.* 15*s.*

Putting flesh on dry bones is a well-known metaphorical activity. Professor Frankfort has specialised in putting ideas into hollow skulls. To expose for its contemplation the most varied cultural ideals is one of the important contributions that archaeology can make to contemporary society. Each culture, of course, will be found to include the assumption that its values, its behaviour, are as much a part of nature as earth and air.

To make this contribution successfully requires not only suitable evidence, something more than scanty material relics, but also an interpreter with a mind that is at once imaginative and bold. It is not surprising that outside the tradition of classical studies, archaeological scholarship only occasionally attempts anything more ambitious than the comparison of economic forms and details of material culture.

Professor Frankfort himself complains of the "scientist's attitude" of those who have dominated the study of his subject for the last thirty years: "While ostensibly concerned with religion they were really absorbed in the task of bringing order to a confused mass of material . . . in reading their books you would never think that the gods they discuss once moved men to acts of worship." His own endeavour has been to oppose this over-analytical tendency and instead to feel for the unity that supported the superficial diversity of Egyptian religion. One can only approve his mild suggestion that the ideas of a people who maintained a mature civilisation for thousands of years should not be patronisingly dismissed as though they were the nonsensical chatter of two-year-olds.

Professor Frankfort's greater penetration is due to his sympathetic understanding of the differences in mentality that separate us from the ancients. Their mythopoeic thought was unlike our critical thought, and its forms and results cannot be understood in terms of our own. For the Egyptians, when barley was made into bread it was Osiris who died; we are wrong if we accept this as no more than allegory, for "Images are not ornaments or adjuncts of ancient thought. They are inseparable from it because the ancients reached their insight in a manner that was intuitive and imaginative as much as intellectual."

The unifying principle that Professor Frankfort has found in Egyptian life and thought is simply this, that they "were rooted in a basic conviction that the universe is essentially static. The Egyptian held that he lived in a changeless world." This conviction "informed not only his theology, but also his moral and political philosophy . . . it determined the forms he gave to his state and his society, to his literature and his art."

Here, then, is an introduction to a cultural ideal utterly unlike our own—the spirit of Europe that has been described as *la volonté de conscience et la volonté de découverte*. Both seem to have been successfully followed: while an Egyptian might have slept for a thousand years and woken to find little to disconcert him, our acceleration is so great that we can go to bed nightly expecting to wake in another world.

Within their changeless universe, the Egyptians of course recognised the significance of rhythmic movement. With the Nile flood making a steady beat through their lives, no people could be more

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conscious of the rise and fall of the seasons. But these were cycles as eternal as the system within which they moved.

The five closely integrated chapters of *Ancient Egyptian Religion* are designed to show how all aspects of existence were harmonised in this belief that only the changeless was ultimately significant. The gods did not transcend but were immanent in nature. They had no direct relationships with men, but were united with the people as a whole through the Pharaoh, who, as a god incarnate, *was* the state with a completeness and intensity impossible for *le Roi Soleil*. Thus gods, nature, state and people formed an ordered whole, and the supreme virtue was to maintain it. The individual life should be subservient to this ideal of *ma'at*, or universal order; there was no sense of sin of the Christian kind, wrong-doing was to disturb *ma'at*, to upset the life rhythm of a static universe. However much the individual might be subordinated, Egyptians were self-conscious human beings, and for them death, the final destruction of something felt to be unique, appeared all the more terrible as a power evidently hostile to *ma'at*. In its highest forms their doctrinal approach to death was an attempt to lead the dead back into the cosmic circuit, to reconcile them with day and night, the phases of the moon, spring and winter.

Professor Frankfort is probably at his most controversial in his explanation of the importance of animals in Egyptian religion. He cannot find sufficient historical justification for the view that their worship represents the survival of more primitive religious forms, perhaps of tribal totemism. He believes that animals were venerated because in contrast to the imperfection and transitoriness of the differentiated human being, they seemed to belong to the eternal order, perfect and immortal creatures " not meant for death."

There may be critics who will feel that the author has gone too far in imposing himself on the welter of material fact. Professor Frankfort, however, is clear that he had no *a priori* ideas, and that his unifying principle emerged slowly from many years of detailed study. So long as this objectivity is secure, is not a personal presentation wholly to the good? How can we gain depth of historical insight except stereoscopically, from a number of individual view points? Certainly his conviction has enabled Professor Frankfort to write a book that has the coherence, the readability of an essay. His choice of extracts from Egyptian literature is both delightful and illuminating, and his own comments are always sensitive.

From our world red-hot on its ringing grooves, it is valuable to contemplate this opposite ideal, this abundance of life bound in stillness that has already been made familiar to us through Egyptian sculpture and painting.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

HOFFMANN OF THE TALES

Hoffmann : Author of the Tales. By H. HEWETT-THAYER. *Princeton University Press : Geoffrey Cumberledge.* 32s. 6d.

E. T. A. Hoffmann's reputation was higher abroad than at home; he was not sufficiently serious for his fellow Germans, but he enjoyed quite a boom in France. Gérard de Nerval, taking his first steps on German soil in 1836, cried: "Ancient Germany, mother of us all, land of Goethe and Schiller, country of Hoffmann!" Goethe would have disliked this display of romantic histrionics, and would still more have resented the coupling of his name with the morbid Hoffmann, whose influence on German literature he deplored. Heine was equally unenthusiastic. Here, Carlyle praised him and translated him; in Russia, Dostoevsky read all that he had written. But with the rise of Poe's reputation Hoffmann's began to fade, and soon he was no more than a name associated with Offenbach's opera, whose libretto was adapted from three of Hoffmann's tales, and with Schumann's Kreisleriana, so called after one of his characters. The recent publication in Zurich of a five-volume selection from Hoffmann's works, and the present full-length study from Princeton suggest that he may soon return to, at least, a limited, favour.

Born in 1776 and dying in 1822, Hoffmann lived through the great age of German romanticism, which ended with his death. He saw the spread of liberalism, the Napoleonic invasions and the resurgence of German nationalism; but even less than Goethe was he affected by the turmoil of his times. Caught up in the fighting about Dresden in the summer of 1813, he was an interested and fascinated spectator; yet so insulated was he from the mass emotions that he could observe with apparent heartlessness, on seeing two men killed by a shell beneath his window: "What is life that it cannot stand a fragment of glowing metal!" Death was playing up to his sense of the grotesque.

His favourite quotation, "My kingdom is not of this world," had no religious connotation for him. He was born a Protestant, married a Catholic, but was not deeply moved by either faith; nor was his work as theatrical manager or Prussian official ever as real to him as his hopeless love for his fifteen-year-old music pupil, Julia Marc. For him the dream world was the real one. "Sancho thought God should honour the inventor of sleep," he wrote, "but more honour is due to the inventor of dreams, not the dreams which rise when we lie softly swathed in sleep, but the dreams we dream our whole life long." Hoffmann expressed these dreams as an artist, in music, in grotesque drawings and in his famous tales.

His was an age when science and fantasy met in a fascinating no-man's-land, inherited from the alchemists. Mesmerists claimed to subjugate the human will; cases of insanity, possession and split personality suggested unknown and baleful forces at work in man; in a house like any other, in a familiar street, the Rosicrucians might be performing their occult rites. It was of such material, grafted on to the traditional stuff of fairy tale, that Hoffmann made his stories. He was a craftsman with a very exact eye for detail, and his settings are meticulously reproduced from the small town life of his time. "The fantastic," he wrote, "must be presented as if seen by an accurately observing eye-witness." There is no haziness about his writing, no weaknesses of construction to be concealed in faery twilight. He is a master of narration, moving backwards in time after an initial presentation of his theme in "The Sandman," or stepping, as in a dream within a dream, from plane to plane of fantasy in the more ambitious "Nutcracker and Mouse-King." The articulation of his stories owes something to his training in music.

"The Golden Pot," translated by Carlyle, is perhaps the best sustained of his tales. Critics have attempted to explore its symbolism; but

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Hoffmann is a master of such elaborate invention that to identify its hero Anselmus with the man himself, the artist in conflict with society, or to seek for psycho-analytical light on the archivist Lindhorst, who turns out to be a salamander in human disguise, is to throw out the baby for the pleasure of splashing in his bath water. Hoffmann appears to have thought of his stories as children's tales, but they are far too elaborate, grotesque and sinister to appeal in the nursery.

It has long been the fashion to look to German literature for poetry, plays and novels that will stand comparison with the best in English or French, and to despise it for its comparative lack of them. The Germans have, however, two mediums of their own in which they are masters: the didactic novel, of which *Wilhelm Meister* is the outstanding example, and the fairy tale. The first is not an article of export, but it remains for some enterprising publisher to give us some translations from these romantics. A start might be made with Hoffmann.

Mr. Hewett-Thayer's study is most thorough. It presents all the information we could possibly require about Hoffmann and his circle. Refraining from systematic literary or psychological criticism, the author carefully investigates every detail of the writer's life, and elaborately outlines each of his stories. It will be a useful addition to a specialist's library—but the common reader may prefer to make his first acquaintance with Hoffmann by reading Carlyle's translation of "The Golden Pot."

J. M. COHEN

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

(Concluded)

CHAMBER MUSIC AND PIANO SOLO. Bach: *Sonata No. 4 in D minor for Unaccompanied Violin* (Alfredo Campoli. AK1955-7); Beethoven: *Sonata in E flat*, Op. 31, No. 3 (Backhaus. DB6788-90); Schubert: *Impromptu in B flat*, Op 142, No. 3 (Lili Kraus. R20561-2); Beethoven: *Cello Sonata D major*, Op. 102, No. 2 (Piatigorsky/Berkowitz. LX1136-7); Szymanowski: *Fountain of Arethusa* and Falla: *Danza Española* ("La Vida Breve") (Tibor Varga, DX 1533); Prokofieff: *Seventh Sonata* (Friedrich Gulda, AK1992-4).

Mr. Campoli plays the great *D minor Partita* with a technical ease and a sense of style that command high admiration. His tone, which is beautifully steady and true, has however less range of expression than Menuhin's—a shortcoming which is not mitigated by a rather dry recording. This is a most creditable performance, but readers are advised to snatch the Menuhin set (down for deletion) while there is still time. His violin is a good deal more eloquent. The Backhaus issue imposes itself by sheer strength of character. Not everyone will enjoy this steely performance, the dynamics of which seldom fall below mezzo-forte; but it is the reverse of dull—a charge that could certainly be levelled at Claudio Arrau's recording of this sonata. Backhaus's style holds no hint of tenderness, but it has real grandeur. Both he and Lili Kraus choose Schubert's *Impromptu in E flat*, Op. 90, No. 2, as a fill-up, and here again Backhaus's masculine fingers win the day. In the *B flat Variations* Mme Kraus indulges in a convulsive rubato and some odd accentuations which seem to me to spoil the simple poetry of this lovely piece. Her performance is a sad lapse from the near-perfection we used to expect of this pianist. Casals' sets of the Beethoven Cello Sonatas are the bar to which subsequent versions must inevitably be brought, and it is permissible to ask why HMV allowed these wonderful records to disappear so quickly. Piatigorsky is a very fine cellist, but his performance here has not a tithe of the finesse—the brooding intimacy—of Casals' rendering. In the slow movement the cellist is permitted to dominate the D major variation—a signal error; and the recording is light on piano bass—a particularly bad fault in a cello sonata. *The Fountain of Arethusa* is a piece of virtuoso impressionism, light as spun sugar, and as delicious. In the Falla *Dance* a whiff of Tzigane vulgarity spoils Tibor Varga's brilliant performance. Both sides are well recorded, though at different levels, because (apparently) on different occasions. Prokofieff's Seventh Piano Sonata is certainly not one of the best he has written, but Friedrich Gulda does all that could be done to interest us in a strangely withered composition. He gives a splendid performance, intelligent, vigorous, clean, and the recording is quite resonant enough for this type of music. On side 6 is Debussy's *Reflets dans l'Eau*, sensitively played. (The sonata, by the way, is Op. 83—not 38, as stated on the label.)

VOCAL. Wagner: "Die Götterdämmerung"—Closing Scene (Flagstad/Philharmonia/Furtwängler. DB6792-3, DBS6794); Strauss: "Der Rosenkavalier"—Marschallin's Monologue Act 1 (Hilde Konetzni/Vienna Phil, LX1135). Cilea: "L'Arlesiana"—*Lamento di Federico*, and Donizetti: "L'Elisir d'Amore"—*Una furtiva lagrima* (Ferendinos/Orch/Erede, DX1530); Leoncavallo: "I Pagliacci"—*Prologue* (Tito Gobbi/Orch/Erede, DB6822); Charpentier: "Louise"—*Depuis le Jour*, and Offenbach: "Tales of Hoffman"—*Doll's Song* (Janine Micheau/Paris Conservatoire/Désormière, K1990); Mozart: *Violetta* (K476), and Caldara: *Come raggio di sol* (Gigli/Orch/Erede, DA1895); Villa-Lobos: *Viola* and *Cantilena No. 3* (Frederick Fuller/Villa-Lobos, B9700); Gounod: "O ma belle rebelle" "Quanti mai" and "A la brise" (Souzay/Bonneau. K1991); Parry: *Blest Pair of Sirens* (Oxford Bach Choir/LSO/Boult, C3820-1).

It is wonderful to hear every note of Brünnhilde's final speech pierce the surge and thunder of Wagner's tremendous orchestra. Mme Flagstad's organ is astonishingly powerful and accurate in aim; if she is a good deal less expressive and varied than some mistresses of this role in the recent past, we must not complain. This is in its way a superb performance, ably recorded, and Dr. Furtwängler's handling of the orchestra is memorably thrilling. The excerpts from *Rosenkavalier* are most beautifully recorded, but Mme Konetzni's delivery, though musicianly enough, is ra her slow and fails to convey the pathos inherent in the part. The callow style in which Tano Ferendinos sings his two arias will scarcely enhance his reputation. His voice is potentially splendid, but he has not yet learnt to use more than a portion of it. On the other hand, Tito Gobbi's thrilling performance of the *Pagliacci* Prologue is a long way the best recording available. Mlle Micheau's new disc is very disappointing—untidy, uninteresting, dowdy.

Gigli's rendering of *Das Veilchen* might be expected to be a mere curiosity: in fact it has considerable charm, and the aria by Caldara is very beautiful indeed, in a grave way. Frederick Fuller is a singer of whom discophiles will hope to hear more. A remarkable linguist and the possessor of a rich, rather nasal, extremely flexible voice, he is clearly the ideal interpreter of the exotic. Villa Lobos' is possibly too facile a talent, but there is no denying the seductiveness of "Viola." M. Souzay is as good as ever. "O ma belle rebelle" outstays its welcome a little, but the two Italian songs are delightful examples of the salon style. These last three discs are very well made; but Sir Hubert Parry is less well served. No doubt *Blest Pair of Sirens* is a masterpiece of its kind (those who do so doubt should read Tovey's eloquent defence). Certainly the opening theme is inspiring enough; but the texture of the music is as thick and hairy as serge, and it is sung in that pugnacious manner which may have been tolerable in the Crystal Palace but cannot be successfully transferred to disc.

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